

ISSUE #14 \$1.50

ink

# Disease

Los Angeles ★ Fall

★ 88

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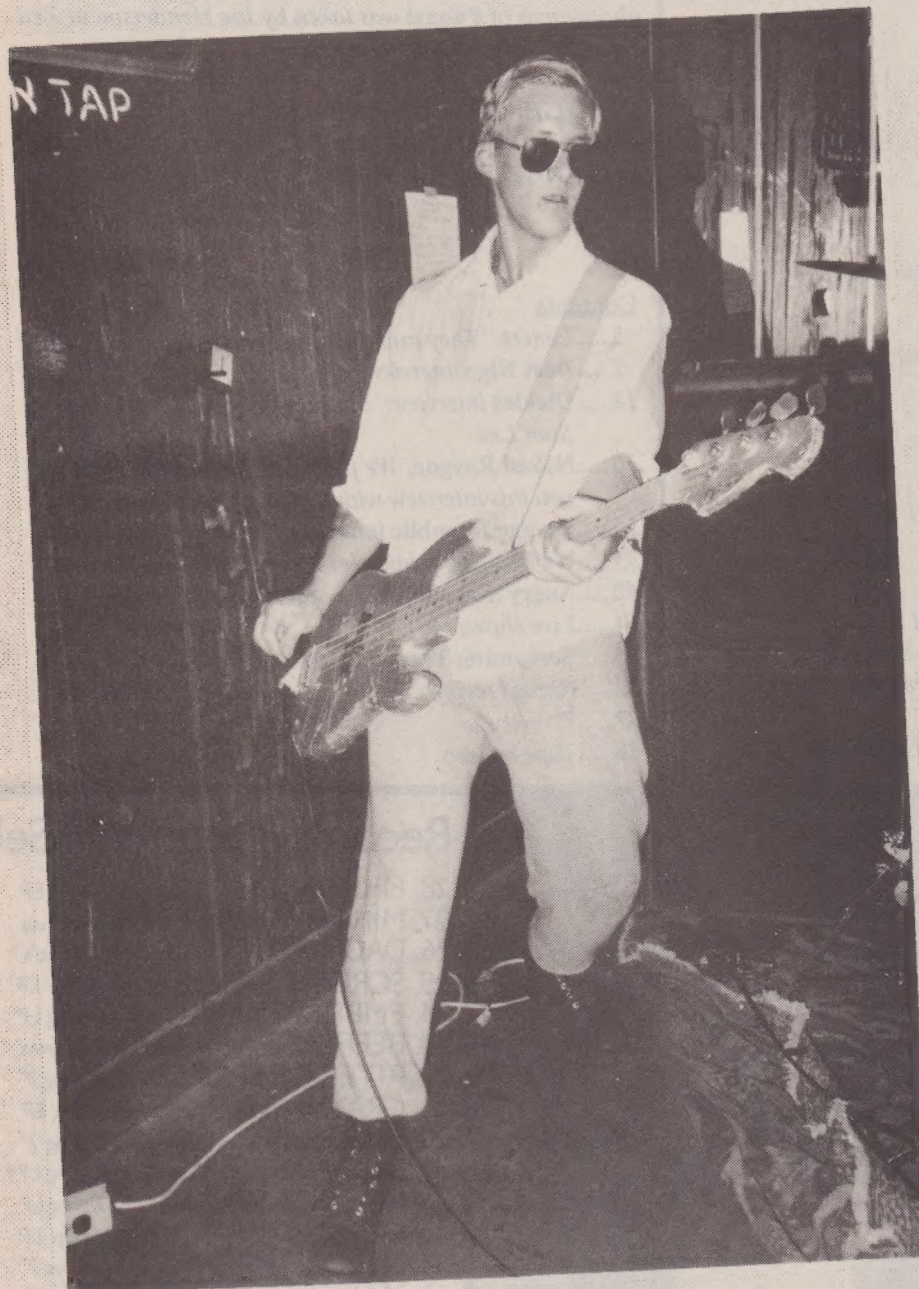
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## INK DISEASE BACK ISSUES:



## STEVE'S GOING TO GET HIS

- #1-4: SOLD OUT.
- #5: (Roman / Egyptian art cover) Featuring interviews with Husker Du, D.O.A., Rhino 39, The Atoms, The Patriots, and Abash.
- #6: Dickies interview and cover, also S.S. Decontrol, Nip Drivers, D.R.I., Agent Orange, Detox, Robin Ryan, Stalag 13 and Madmen interviews.
- #7: Necros interview and cover, with Redd Kross, C.O.C., Marginal Man, Saccharine Trust, A.O.D., F.U.'s, J.F.A., N.O.T.A., Accused and Truce interviews.
- #8: SOLD OUT.
- #9: (D.O.A. cover) Featuring interviews with Metallica, Pop-O-Pies, Circle Jerks, Raw Power, Mad Parade, Asbestos Rockpyle, Down Syndrome and Musical Suicide.
- #10: SOLD OUT.

- #11: Weirdos interview and cover, also Ian MacKaye and FlipSide interviews.
- #12: We have recently recovered a limited quantity of this issue featuring Firehose, Sonic Youth, SST, Gang Green, and the Wrestling Worms
- #13 Big Black interview and cover, with the Replacements, Angst, To Damascus, Honor Role, and the De Falla Trio.

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The front cover photograph of **Angry Samoans** was taken by Thomas at Bogarts in Long Beach. The back cover photograph of **Fugazi** was taken by Joe Henderson at Zed Records, also in Long Beach

**INK DISEASE**

4563 MARMION WAY  
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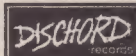
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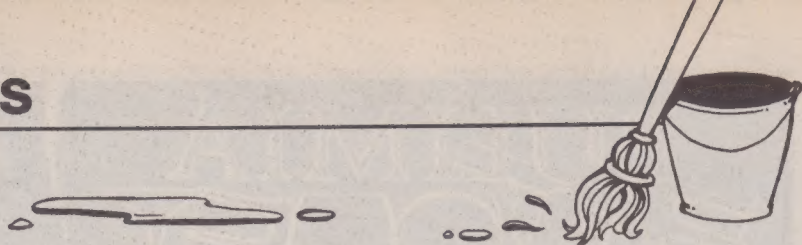


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# Feel-Good Letters



Dear Buttheads,

Gee whiz, a bunch of Neos and SSD fans (but we don't like Justice League, they argue) now singing the praises of the DeFalla Trio? Heeheecheehohohohohaha hahahaha...etc. How seriously can us readers take anyone who bought the concept of emo-core hook, line and sinker? Thanks for the least revealing Big Black interview ever printed, you journalists you!!! Let's get some facts straight: 1) SST blows, 2) DC always has and always will blow (great contributions to music--- crying at shows and straight-edge, no thanks...), 3) You're in California, land of Gary Tovar and (Youth) Brigade (I think that says it all...), and 4) Forced Exposure isn't worth emulating unless you have a staff that has equivalent talents, and bluntly, you guys aren't even close. Given those facts, I believe it's time for you guys to pack it in. Why don't ya do us all a favor and just get caught in the middle of one of those oh-so-popular gang related slayings you seem to have so many of on the West Coast? Thank God, however, for suckers uh... people like you who I can unload my extra copies of Lungs and Bulldozer for a profit of 1000%+.

Time to run chums,  
Mean Boy

P.S.-If this is the best you can do, I think mommy and daddy should cut off the tuition money.

MEAN BOY,

I'll have you know we dedicated a lot of time and effort into our custodial work at those Emo-Fests in DC and LA. You think mopping up all those tears was easy work? Hell, at least Ian and Guy gave us free records for our trouble. It's more than we got from you! Fuck you!

THE DEDICATED STAFF OF INK DISEASE

"Dedicated to a Better Scene"

Dear Editors,

I'm writing to protest the favorable review of Ritual Tension's EP "Hotel California" in Issue #13. Certainly I realize that "rock journalism" is a rat haven for godforsaken trash heaps, but don't you assholes have any sense of responsibility whatsoever?

I happen to be a member of Ritual Tension, and this sort of encouraging review really pisses me off. All of us in RT have been playing in bands for over ten years -- losing a lot of dough, spending a lot of time getting nowhere, seeing our lives go up in smoke, no visible rewards. We could probably just pack it in tomorrow. But then along come these fucking carrots on sticks.

What I'm saying is--- well look, for example---recently we lost about \$150 going down to DC just to play one two-bit gig. Oh sure, it was fun. Sure, it was spiritually uplifting. But shit, we have to pay the rent buddy. \$150 may be chump change, but every bit hurts, and we ain't U2, and the point is, we ain't ever going to be U2.

Okay, maybe money isn't everything. Our manager says, "Do it for the kids. Or if not those creeps, do it for the sake of your intimate friends." I say fuck these people. Lemme go to law school or something. Our manager says, "Here, read this review in Ink Disease. Your song obviously had a very therapeutic effect on this dude who calls himself 'Steve'. Do it for Steve's sake, guys." I say fuck this guy, I don't even wanna know him. He says our songs turn his bowels to "chum chowder". Would you go to dinner with a guy whose bowels turn to chowder just from listening to a fuckin' song? Just think what havoc a chicken burrito would wreak on this poor slob.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I hear you whimper, "you're picking on us!" Well yeah, there are others I could name -- we've seen a few other aggravatingly compassionate reviews. But look, pal, you've got to start somewhere.

So screw you dudettes, okay? One more false step like this and I will personally gather my carbines, jump on a jet and pay you bastards a visit your parents will never forget. Dig?

Ivan Nahem  
Ritual Tension

Dear Ink Disease,

My name is Bruce Hartnell and I'm writing in response to your review on my band's (the Detonators) 2nd L.P., "Just Another Reason," by Flint.

You guys had some very valid points- I do agree that It could've been done better. It was a very rushed record, and I'm certain we could do better.

But I think your slag of this kind of record, "being done before," is unfair. You guys know that we've been around for years in L.A.; our first big gig was in 1982 at the Barn in Alpine Village in Torrance with the Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat, MDC, and the Zero Boys. We were doing that music then! Maybe because we didn't buy ad space in your zine (we didn't have any \$), or because we didn't suck up to you guys at gigs that you guys didn't know more about us. But I know you've heard of us.

I hope that just because we once had a strained relationship with FlipSide that you guys don't have something against us. We've resolved our differences with them. I hope we can resolve any differences we have, if any (?). I've always liked Ink Disease.

Another thing is the letter on the back of the record. To you guys (ok to Flint) it sounded pretentious. We realized it could be taken that way when we wrote it, so we made a point that we didn't mean for it to be taken that way. That in itself may seem pretentious to you, but that's more than most bands will do, isn't it? I mean, isn't it a band's job to tell you how "bitchen" they are? At least we were honest.

And as for the "Same old sound" gripe---you gotta give us credit for not changing at a time when every band is either going speedcore or copping a politically correct stance. We've

remained true to our roots. I'd much rather be called "old hat" than be part of what your idea of up to date is. That's not meant as a slag, that's just my point of view.

When you guys said it was done before "by better bands," did you realize that could be used like a double edged sword against you? I could say, "Ink Disease has been done before, as a concept, by FlipSide, and they do it better because they have a glossy cover, etc." That's not a very fair comparison, is it? I also noticed in a back issue that you've reviewed all of FlipSide's video catalog, tape by tape, band by band. When you got to No. 8, you conveniently left us out. Do you guys really hate us that much? Does the review coming out almost two years after the L.P. was released have anything to do with the M.R.R. article I wrote? Now that we've gotten some attention, are we suddenly worth your time? I just wanna know, because it's that attitude---the one that on one hand you can create a situation of idolization for those you like, whilst on the other hand you viciously suppress those who don't meet your criteria, that I find pretty sickening. I didn't think you guys were like that. Like I said, I've always liked Ink Disease.

So, I hope I haven't disappointed you by not writing a threatening post card that you can print as is. Is that what I'm supposed to do now? Please tell me---you guys obviously know I'm not that smart. Or so you said. Besides, I don't think you guys would want to fuck with some one my size---6 foot 6 and 225 pounds. I know I wouldn't fancy doing prison time if I was to lose my cool. Anyway, I left that fighting shit back in high school. Does that sound semi-intelligent?

Finally, it's not surprizing to get that kind of a review from you guys. You're so far inside of the bowels of L.A. that you don't know what kind of hell you're in. I don't think I could do what you guys do---put up with all those assholes trying to use you to get ahead. Maybe when you get something a little unpolished and rough around the edges it goes unnoticed because of the blinding glitter of all the other over-processed crap you get, I don't know. Maybe you guys like glitter and polish. We don't, and that was the point in both the letter and the content of the L.P.

Thanks-Bruce Hartnell

P.S. Hey look, I don't hold a grudge against you guys. It was the best slagging we've ever gotten. I can take it. Maybe next time I'm in L.A. I'll stop by and say hello---I'm sure we've got a lot of mutual friends, etc. I'll supply the beer. Anyway, if there's anything you guys want from me my number is.....

Bruce,

I see you've discovered our failed attempt to quash the Detonators' message. But seriously, did you ever stop to think that you might be over-estimating Ink Disease's influence and impact on the world?

All the Best,  
Brian: 6'5" & a Swift 180



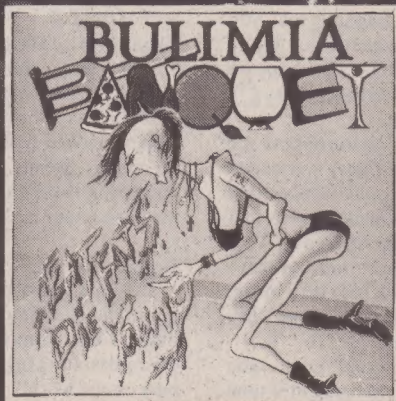
# BULIMIA BANQUET



"Bulimia Banquet the terror of the California hardcore damage scene, has just spat out a twister of a debut under the fetching title, 'Eat Fats Die Young'. Featuring a decidedly uncompromising, definitely uncommercial musical approach, this half man, half woman quartet let their opinions, energies and distaste for the state of modern society run wild over 14 short, loosely structured thrashers. Ingrid Baumgart and Julia Bell couldn't give a hoot about the traditional roles women are supposed to latch onto in both society and in music, and make their protest known both in their lyrics and in their vocal style, the later recalling fellow iconoclasts like the Slits and most noticeably, Frightwig. Instrumentally, they bash away with such messy hardcore glee that occasionally the whole idea of songwriting is abandoned, something that may not endear them to radio programmers. But on cuts like 'Naked Movie Star', 'Tragedy of Absolutism', 'Shake Ya Willie' and 'Survival' they let you know what's on their minds in no uncertain terms. ..."

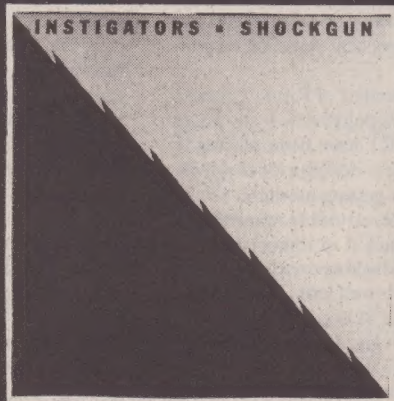
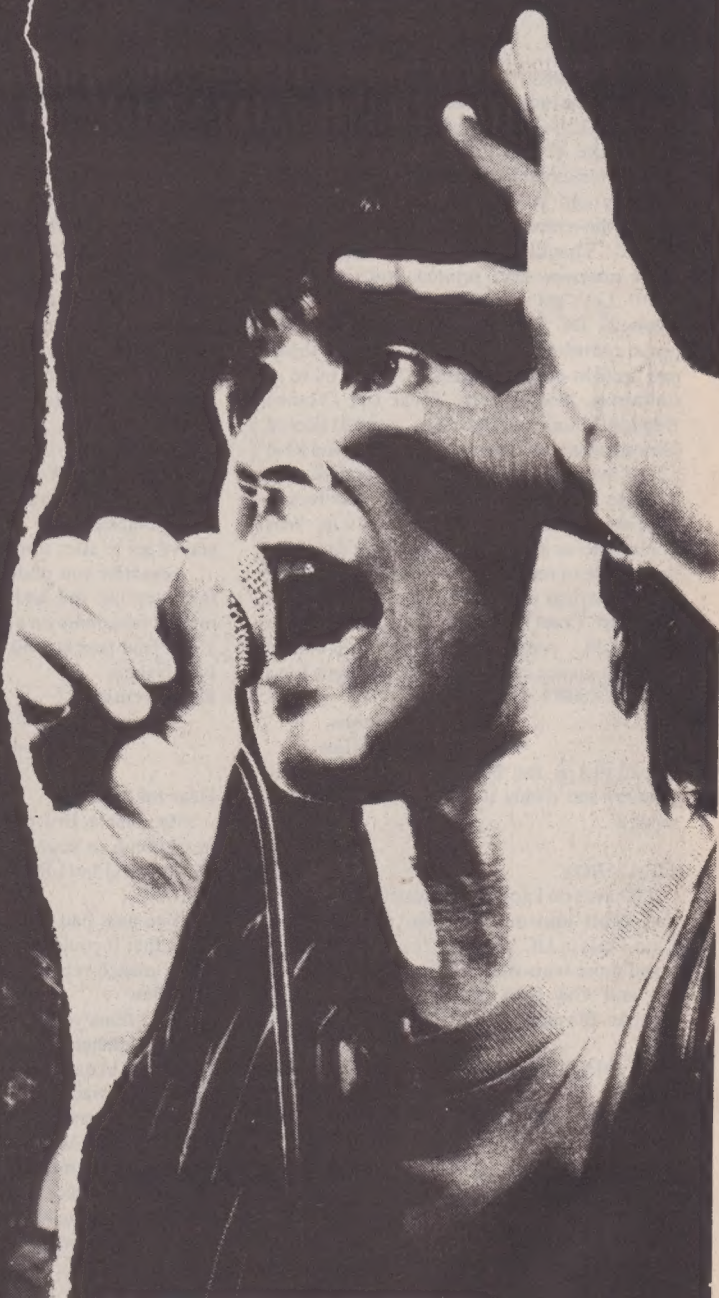
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Bulimia Banquet  
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# INSTIGATORS



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# THE

ambiguous idea in my head. All I knew was their name, and for some reason, it always frightened me. The image I got was a bunch of spaced out acid freaks from hell, using garbage as instruments of chaos and

Beatnigs Interview

For a long time I had heard of the Beatnigs, but nothing concrete--they only existed as an

before I knew it, the damage was done.

We arrived at the Filmore along with the other man-gey leather clad mohawked weirdos. With a frightful look in his eye, my friend looked at me and whined, "I can't take the vibes here, these people give me the creeps." I told him to relax, and I unsuccessfully tried to convince him that these people were more peace loving than Deadheads, considering that many Deadheads doubled as Hell's Angels. I thought maybe this hippie band, the Beatnigs, would ease him a bit. But

# BEAT

destruction. I don't know where this image came from, it just materialized in my mind when I heard the syllable pronounced-- BEAT-NIGS-- something like a negative beatnick. This image was especially reinforced when I found out that they would be opening up for the Butthole Surfers at the Filmore last fall ('87). Who else, I thought, would be better suited for a Butthole's

much to the horror of this innocent, unsuspecting pothead, a bunch of crazed black dudes with togas and goggles came pouncing on the stage with a wall of industrial funk-noise. Some Asian guy then starts grinding a power tool into metal, creating a shower of sparks. As for my friend, that was the nail in the coffin. He lost his beans, all because of the frightful theater of

# NIGS

show than a bunch of negative beatnicks strung out on LSD? With the chemistry in place, I decided to check out what these negative beatnicks were all about.

Prior to the show, I invited a friend of mine, who was a Deadhead (something that always irked me), to come experience something new. He agreed to come along, but he also wanted to ingest some weird fungi-- a ritual practiced by Deadheads when they want to see Jerry bubble over into a psychedelic Santa Claus. I warned him dead against it; however, he persisted, and

the Beatnigs. I tried to convince him that they were only performing, that they were actually decent people, just like him, but they just had a different way of interpreting reality. Well, that was the end of it, the Deadhead lost all coherence. While his body went into ugly convulsions, he slowly turned into a spineless jelly fish. My face was no longer human, only a blank wall of flesh. To him, the fragile thing called reality was shattered.

To this day, my ex-friend is hostile towards me, and



he will never see a "punk" show again. It is from this angle, I can cynically say, I have always appreciated the Beatnigs.

As of print, the Beatnigs will have completed their first U.S. tour, and should be counting the early returns of their debut self-titled l.p., the "Beatnigs", on Alternative Tentacles. Present for the interview were

pected.

Henry: I had fun.

ID: What happened?

Michael: We toured the Northwest. We played Portland, Seattle, Eugene, Vancouver twice, and then we broke down in Eugene on the way back.

ID: So this is the famous Beatnigs van that keeps break-



Michael Franti Photo Courtesy of the FlipSide Video crew

Michael (bass and vocals), Andres (sampling and electronic devices), Rono (industrial percussionist and dancer), and Henry (latin percussionist). Kevin, the drummer, was not present. This interview was done in a unique format, thanks to the gracious aid of Laura In-the-Living Room and KALX, U.C. Berkeley's radio station. The interview was done live on the air, mixing in songs and call-in questions to the band. It is impossible to transcribe the lunacy that went on in the studio, but suffice it to say it was a great deal of fun. Despite the lack of order, we were able to wing it without the FCC shutting us down. May I introduce to you, the Beatnigs show.

Antonio, Berkeley, July, '88.

ID: Seems like you guys must be really high these days. You have a new album and you just completed a recent tour. How did the tour go?

Michael: The tour was wonderful. Better than I ex-

ing down?

Michael: Well, its not our van, but its already infamous.

ID: Who is the mechanic?

Henry: We'd like to know, actually.

Michael: What was the guy's name?

Rono: The guy's name was Guy.

Michael: Guy, that's right. The child-beater AMCO transmission specialist.

ID: What did he think of your haircuts?

Michael: Well, when we were trying to deal down on the price, Andres said, "We're just a bunch of hippie freaks with weird haircuts going through town, so could you just give us a good deal?"

Henry: So, instead of \$ 600.000, he charged us \$ 400.000.

Rono: Guy, your a good guy.

Henry: Thanks a lot Guy.

ID: When I go on the road I don't tell people I'm from San Francisco because they ask weird questions.

Henry: Don't be afraid, don't hide, San Francisco ain't



that bad, especially if they have a product like the **Beatnigs**.

**ID:** We're really curious to know how you guys got together. How long ago?

**Rono:** I used to dance, and go out to clubs and just dance...

**ID:** And you're single?

**Rono:** You're right, I am. And I met Michael through a friend. ...

**Michael:** While you were single.

**Rono:** And we just did dance performance and then I met Kevin the drummer. We then...

**Michael:** did dance, drums, and poetry.

**Rono:** Then we met Andres and Henry. Somehow the ingredients came about.

**ID:** So it started out as performance art?

**Rono:** Yeah.

**ID:** How long ago was this?

**Michael:** Two and a half years ago.

**Henry:** Three years ago.

**Michael:** Two years as a group, two years as the **Beatnigs**.

**Henry:** There were other projects... (someone starts playing with the mic so as to make a bodily gaseous sound, thus making all other sounds unaudible) Excuse me, I just ate a burrito.

**ID:** How did you guys get on Alternative Tentacles (AT).

**Michael:** We were asked.

**ID:** Who approached you?

**Michael:** Actually, we were looking for other labels. We had recorded an album with this gentleman named Eric Cope who lived in the infamous **Beatnigs** van.

**Henry:** Thank you Eric.

**Rono:** Thanks Eric.

**Andres:** Thanks Eric.

**Michael:** He lived in that van in order to finance the recording. After we had the complete album the way we could afford to produce it, we didn't have enough money to put it out. So we went around to several labels and AT was the one label that was ready to put it out, as is, right away, without any changes.

**Henry:** Thanks AT.

**Michael:** And we particularly liked Jello Biafra and have appreciated his struggle to keep the music industry, and to keep this country a safe place for people who want to say what they want to say.

**ID:** Did he work with you through the whole recording?

**Michael:** No, he wasn't there until we mastered the record. They had not even heard the complete album when they had decided to put it out.

**Rono:** David the dancing dog did all the engineering.

**ID:** So, he didn't try to censor anything out of it?

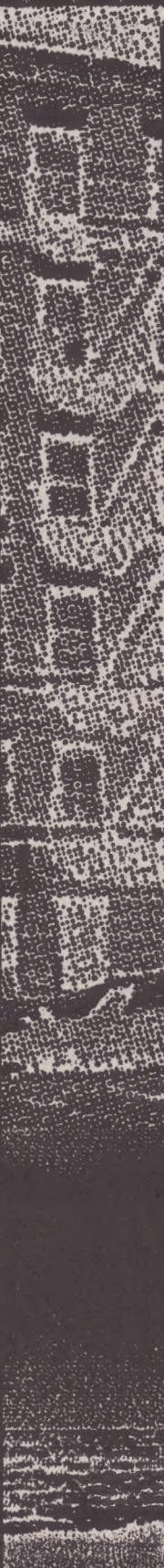
All: No!

**ID:** We have a tune cued up here.

**Rono:** "Nature"

**Michael:** I would like to say that this song is about the

dichotomy which exists between the people who live in the city but who have a problem with urban decay, and who long to be out, elsewhere, where there are no other people and only wild life.



**Nature!**  
Sitting in the green grass  
watching the strange  
world of ants.

**Nature!**  
at the beach  
watching rocks smash  
into pebbles  
and whisper into sand.  
people often ask me  
"Michael if you love  
nature so much,  
why is it that you  
live in the city,  
where the only green grass  
and crushed rock

is being smoked  
through a pipe?"  
Well I look at them  
and I tell 'em  
"Cause people  
live in the city.  
**And people**  
are the best part  
**of nature.**"  
So the next time  
**you go to**  
a shecky club,  
**put on your**  
shecky hairspray,  
**put on your**  
shecky make-up,  
remember that  
people still eat  
people still think,  
and people still defecate.  
No matter how hard  
we try to dehumanize  
and deanimalize  
with ID numbers,  
credit card numbers,  
Social Security numbers

**People**  
are the best part  
**of nature.**  
People are the best part of nature  
People are the best part of nature



**Michael:** We're back.

**ID:** And we're live in the studio with the **Beatnigs**.

While we were off the air, we had quite a profound discussion; and it always seems that when the microphone is off, people feel free to say what they want to say. So, the truth comes out.

**Henry:** Why is that?

**ID:** Why is that? Are you afraid... (Andres begins to play Thelonious Monk in the background)

**Michael:** It is so that you can sell the "out takes" for \$8.98-- the KALX out takes.

**ID:** So twenty years from now we can buy **Beatnigs** out takes on the KALX bootleg label.

**Michael:** Let's talk about what we were discussing.

**ID:** What's this about "Nature"? There is a criticism about your song.

**Rono:** I said people are not the best part of nature. We are the system, but not the best part of it. I think the planet itself would survive without the people.

**Michael:** What I said (I wrote the song) was that nature is very beautiful. It's an ecosystem that involves human beings as well as all the other organisms in the world, and for me personally, I love going out to a natural environment that has been reasonably-- relatively-- untainted by the experience of man. Okay? But, I also have this longing to live in a city, and my reason for that is because there are so many people there, and people, for me, are my favorite animals to observe. They are very interesting to me. That is why I wrote the song, and that is why I believe people are the best part of nature.

**Rono:** And that is why we never stop asking questions.

**Henry:** That's right, and that's a key word: he believes. That is the most important word right there.

**Michael:** That's something really great about this band, which is that all of us are five individuals. We don't have a party doctrine, we don't belong to any political groups, we don't have a specific doctrine for the **Beatnigs** as a band. But what it is is a collective of individuals, and all of us have our own opinions about different things.

**ID:** You guys are still willing to question yourselves.

**Rono:** Always, we never leave it unchecked.

**ID:** What kind of feedback have you gotten on the album? What does Joe six-pack and Nancy Hamburger have to say...

**Rono:** To tell you the truth, one guy told me it was alarming, very alarming, he didn't know what to say about it, but there was something in it that made him react.

**ID:** Is that the kind of response you want to get?

**Henry:** People like it. I like it because people like it. Before they hear it, people who haven't heard of the **Beatnigs**, they tend to look at any one of us and say...

**Rono:** "Reggae"

**Henry:** In my case, I have dreadlocks and they look at me and they ask automatically if it is Reggae, or something like that. It's just a little bit of everything, but I

think when they listen to it they really like it. They don't quite know how to ...

**Michael:** Describe it.

**Henry:** I like it because there are no boundaries at this point, and it is free to explore.

**Rono:** Watch out, because we're going to put out some dancing mix.

**Henry:** But if you want to ask me how I like it, I think the next one will be the shit, and you can edit that out if you want. Excuse my language.

**ID:** That is a live disclaimer here, beeeep. I heard some people say you're too political, or you are too serious. What is your response to that?

**Rono:** I'm serious about it, but my main priority, for me... I make furniture, I design furniture, and eventually I want to start programs for kids. And we have fun on stage, we have fun outside the **Beatnigs**. I don't think its serious.

**Henry:** But I would like to know, excuse me for a second, when you say political, what, what? Is the music, the sound political? Or what he's saying? Or is it not danceable music? I want to understand what you mean.

**Michael:** I write the lyrics for the band, which are predominantly what people refer to when they talk about politics surrounding this group. What I write about are things that I see, the things that are important to me. What is important to me is what is going on in my immediate world. O.k.? I try and think of what is happening in the whole world. But I can't change the whole world at once. So what I try to do is affect and influence and share my ideas and challenge people to think.

Those people who are directly in contact with me. (The Monk record in the background begins to speed up and slow down as if it were drunk). That's what we do when we perform, that's what we do on the record.

**ID:** In the background we have Andres, who hasn't said anything yet, but he's about ready to rap out. What record is this?

**Andres:** Theloneous Monk.

**ID:** But I have one quick question before...

**Henry:** Yes, please.

**ID:** I'm sure there are still cynics and unbelievers out there who would continue to say that there is art for art's sake. I personally disagree with this, but this is something that gets thrown at me all the time. What do you say to all the nonbelievers, or to the people who are cynical about this kind of message? (Monk is now going at 45 rpm)

**Michael:** I'm saying what I feel, the things I observe, the things that directly effect me, and the things that directly effect other people. In particular, what I like to talk about are oppressed people, because they are the people who do not have a voice in our society. And, I can not change everyone to believe in the things I believe in over night. In other words, I can talk to someone who is a very liberal thinker and get him to look



at a certain dynamic at what is going on in Central America or South Africa. For someone who is the average Joe six-pack, I can't do that. So what I do do is try to challenge people to think, because if they can think to the next step that is closer to thinking on this world type of vision, then that is just as big as a step as if I can get another person to think exactly how I think, and that's not what I'm trying to do, because my mind is constantly changing.

Rono: That was Michael's opinion. The bottom line is

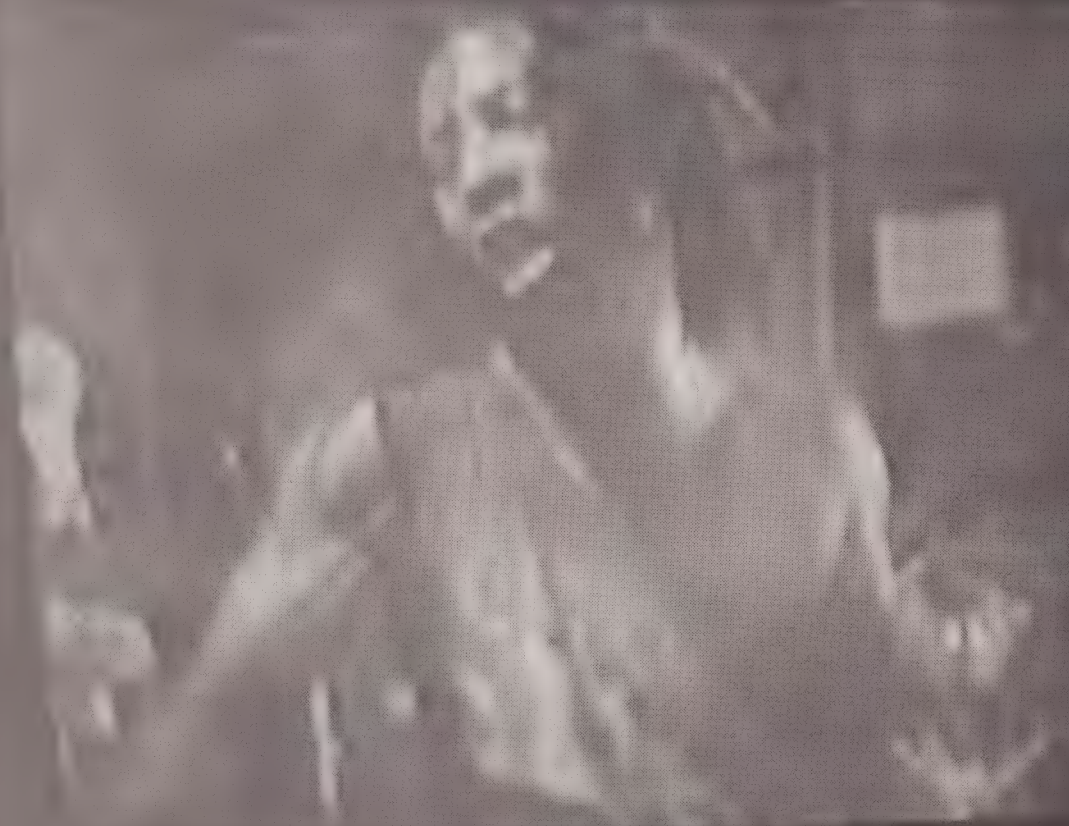
roadie for the Nigs...click

ID: Hello? Are you there? (Silence) He's gone. Call back!

Michael: Okay, we'll go to the music.

Henry: There seems to be a little bit of confusion here at this moment, ladies and gentlemen. Hold on, just hold on. (A busy tone on the phone fills the air waves as total control breaks down into chaos in the DJ booth.)

Laura: I've been watching too much television.



Henry Flood. Photo Courtesy of the FlipSide Video crew

that I'm expressing from my heart and it's natural, it's coming out for me. I don't really care what people think. If they don't like it...

Henry: If people don't like it, those people are not ready to face it. That's all it is, they are just not ready to face the truths and realities of living in the United States of America. That's what's happening here. All we do is question. Hey, what is all that whimpering?

Laura: We have a Beatniks on the telephone that wants to ask you a question live.

Henry: It better be a good question.

ID: I'm going to translate this because I'm the only one with headphones.

Laura: This is KALX, you're on the air.

ID: Hello are you there?

Caller: Yeah, I'm here. My name is Jerome, I'm a

Henry: We haven't been watchin' enough.

ID: We have a media overload.

Henry: We's the restroom. Can I use the restroom? Behind the turntable to the left.

Henry: Thank you.

Laura: Did you get the caller's question?

ID: No, I couldn't. I barely got anything. Call back!!!

Henry: There's confusion here, help us out.

Rono: Help me.

Henry: What do we do next?

ID: Michael is cueing up a song here. What tune is this?

Rono: "Street Fulla Nigs"

Henry: (intense laughter) I love it. (more laughter)

ID: This is live college radio.

Henry: Damn right it is. This ain't Hollywood, I ain't got no script. □



# THE DICKIES

The Dickies have made history! No, not because they've been around even longer than The Moody Blues or Jethro Tull. Nor the fact that their old singles are priced slightly higher than gold (but less than the Misfits) at swap-meets and at Bleeker Bob's. The Dickies have achieved something far more valuable than that. They now have the unparalleled distinction of being the only band to have been interviewed within the walls and pages of this mag twice! If that's not impressive I don't know what is. Joining Thomas and Steve for the gala champagne celebration and Bar Mitzvah is the man who exudes more teen appeal than Guns and Roses, Stan "Guitar-Hero" Lee.

Photo by Pete Landswick

ID: So, you're about to go on tour. For three weeks?

STAN: Yeah, I guess so.

ID: There's going to be a lot of video taping of "General Hospital," while you're gone.

STAN: "All My Children." I'm off "General."

ID: You are, what happened?

STAN: Somebody left and I was upset about it. So, I left too.

ID: They lost their biggest fan.

STAN: Yeah, but "All My Children" is still great. Adam Chandler's my hero.

ID: So, you did a guitar solo on an Angry Samoans song.

STAN: Yeah, I did three takes of it, and said, "I like that one." They said, "Okay, that's the one we're going to use." Then they call me, all happy, "You're going to be so stoked about what we did with your solo." "What do you mean, 'What we did with it.?'?" "We used a part of it."

ID: Did it involve a pick slide?

STAN: No, it involved a Whango bar. I just got the Whango bar, and I did a bitchin' thing with it, and it never made it on the record.

ID: That's like erasing history.

STAN: Pretty much, yeah. It was a crunch, but I'll get even with them.

ID: So, Dickies are now on the same label as Devo and the Smithereens.

STAN: And don't forget that fox Brett Micheals.

ID: Stryper, and Poison. The list goes on and on.

STAN: Enigma's bitchin'. I'm happy with that. They got us in the (Killer) Clowns movie. They got us in 18



Again, and two other ones. We're going to do the title track of "Toxic Avenger II." One of the greatest. "Killer Clowns" is even better. "Beetle Juice" is even better than Killer Clowns. It's a visual stunner.



**ID:** Are your sets going to resemble "Beetle Juice" when you're touring the country?

**STAN:** Well, I don't know. The material's a little slower. So, you can't move that fast. I think we're ac-



tually going to do "Shadow Man," and "Waterslide." Do you know about the re-release of the Stukas album. (There's going to be) three live tracks from my garage on them. Live from Stan's garage.

**ID:** What tracks are they going to be?

**STAN:** "I'm O.k. You're O.k.'88," "Bowling With Bedrock Barney," and "Gigantor."

**ID:** What ever happened to the live version of you guys doing "Paranoid" with Rodney James Dio? There's a public outcry for something like that.

**STAN:** My favorite question is, "What do you like on your pizza?" (FlipSide question). We're going to be stars. We're on the cover of the next Endless Party (a through away weekly). You know you made it when you're on the cover of Endless Party.

**ID:** Yeah.

**STAN:** Pretty wild. Too Damascus

**ID:** They're now the Sylvia Juncosa Experience.

**STAN:** That's not the one that was Chuck Wagon's sister?

**ID:** No, she's out.

**STAN:** I've never even met her. To hear the things she says.

**ID:** She seems to have met you.

**STAN:** No, never. That's why I was so shocked to read that...

**ID:** Are you sure that maybe in one of your drunken stupers you didn't bed her down or anything?

**STAN:** I'm sure of that. I don't do those sorts of things.

**ID:** Okay.

**STAN:** ...Especially to band members sisters.

**ID:** Never slept with a band members sister? I thought that was that was an initiation.

**STAN:** Mary Ann's (of Enigma) got us calling bum-fuck everywhere, talking to sixteen year old kids. They think of some really groovy questions. "What was the last Dickie to be arrested?"

...We did do the cover of Endless Party (laughter).

**ID:** Next you'll be doing L.A. Rocks. It's the natural progression. Start with Ink Disease, and you work your way on down.

**STAN:** How about if we buy the back page ad, then could we get another cover story out of you guys. I'm talking big, big dough. Not even the discount rate. The full price for the back page. I

want to see, I forget his name...

**ID:** If the dollars are right. We actually have our integrity to think about.

**STAN:** We actually did a photo session for the first



time in eight years. Not our faces of course, we couldn't do that. We put the clown masks on.

ID: Have you seen composites?

STAN: No, they were just done Friday. I heard they were bitchin' though.

ID: ...In the Jules Bates style?

STAN: The photographer who did it, he usually does foxes. Like total fashion fox stuff, but he took the back cover of the "Clowns" record and that came out really well.



ID: So, all of you guys are going to look like Sheena Easton.

STAN: (he laughs and then pauses) Sheena Easton, she's neat.

ID: She has a huge birthmark on her left arm, that they've always covered up.

STAN: Really you learn something new everyday. I just thought she was a fox.

ID: It's about three inches long, a half inch high, and it's got thick coarse black hairs.

STAN: Oh wow! Really? My illusions are shattered.

ID: You'll never see it. On video they air brush it off.

STAN: Really.

ID: Sorry to disappoint you.

STAN: How about the singer of the Bangles, her eyes are either to the left or to the right, they're never forward. Do you ever notice that?

ID: I thought she copied that move from you. You know you do that during one of your guitar solos?

STAN: Wandering eyes look. Yes. Have you seen the Clowns video yet?

ID: No. I heard Keith Morris talk about it. He said, "It looks like a thirty thousand dollar video."

STAN: Oh, at least.

ID: Are there breasts in the video?

STAN: Do you mean, like unclothed breasts? Yeah, there are foxes in the video.

ID: Is it a Kosher video?

STAN: Yeah, but it says fuck though. Now we just finished our album which has "Town Without Pity," and that smokes! It's real blues electric.

ID: What's the best song the Dickies have ever done?

STAN: You mean, what's my particular favorite? I like

"Attack of the Mole Men" and "Nights In White Satin."

ID: What would you have to say is the worst song?

STAN: "She Loves Me and She Loves Me Not." I would have to say. Yeah. I didn't like "Banana Splits" too much either.

ID: So, what do you think about Dickies singles and Dickies records going at Swap meets for 25 bucks a piece?

STAN: \$75. I sold Gigantor for \$75 to Bleecker Bob's.

ID: With the cover?

STAN: Yeah, shocking. I don't know how to feel about it. It's kind of flattering that people think they're worth so much, but it's a bummer for the kids that want them. (Stan brings out a bowler and puts it on his head.)

ID: You look like a cross between Abe Lincoln and John Wilks Booth.

STAN: Really. I thought it was like Alice Cooper meets Marc Bolan on a Donaven afternoon.

ID: ...At a 7-11. My father played golf with Alice Cooper not too long ago.

STAN: Is that right?

ID: Yeah, he's a scratch golfer, in the 70's.

STAN: Your dad?

ID: No, Alice Cooper.

STAN: ...played with your dad. Wow!

ID: They are golfing buddies. He flies in from Phoenix.

STAN: Really. Alice flies in from Phoenix.

ID: Yeah.

STAN: That's where he's living? That's where I grew up. I just got the CD of Billion Dollar Babies. I'm going CD mad. Someone should stop the madness. I'm going CD wild, I'll never play another record again. Kids get out there and get those CD players. The Damned CD is really neat. It's kind of sloppy in a charming kind of way. Now we have an MTV video.

ID: So, you guys can be sandwiched in between the new George Harrison video and Timmy.

STAN: (with a slight laugh) We actually could be. Yes.

ID: And you can still sleep at night?

STAN: That's a concept. Someone should call that in.

ID: Timmy, and what's that other one just like her.

STAN: Debbie Gibson. She's cool I like her. (Stan sings, "Shake your love / I just can't shake your love.")





**ID:** Would you have baby sat her?

**STAN:** Yeah, I'd baby sit **Debbie Gibson** any day. She's a lot better than **Tiffany**.

**ID:** Yeah, **Tiffany** looks like **Julian Lennon**.

**STAN:** Yeah, I don't understand it. There's no sex appeal there. There's no voice. There's no songs. What's the deal, just play shopping centers and get famous.

**ID:** That's it. It's a novel concept.

**STAN:** I don't get it. So, when are you going to do a **Dickies** interview. This isn't fair.

**ID:** We're doing one right now.

**ID:** How come the record is not on colored vinyl?

**STAN:** Oh, Tell me about it. I was screaming. Jumping up and down. Pulling my hair out. I wanted **Scooby** the clown on the center spinning around on the record too. Think they gave us our own label. No.

**ID:** You don't have that kind of clout?

**STAN:** I guess not. They said, "Sell fifty thousand records and then talk to us about stuff like that." But, I think we are actually going to get the album cover that we wanted. And when we signed the deal it was like, "If you want the deal, don't do the cover your way." After all this time I think they are actually seeing it our way.

**ID:** Did you do one record deal, or two...?

**STAN:** Well, we did three, and "Second Coming" is the third one. We have three records already. Can you believe it. Eight years of nothing and then **Dickies** saturation. (he whispers) **Dickies** CD's.

**ID:** Yeah, somewhere you've got a prolific bone in your body.

**STAN:** Yeah, it's a real prolific period for us. Definitely. We haven't been rocking.

**ID:** How do you feel about the death of **Divine**?

**STAN:** Oh, I was pretty sad.

**ID:** **Divine**, **John Holmes** and who was the third one to die in that week. They always die in threes.

**STAN:** Yeah right, somebody else did go, but **Divine** took the luster out of it. (Pause) Did you see the new **George Burns** Movie? There's a **Dickie** cameo in that. I saw my face on the screen. It was as big as a **Toyota**. I sort of got nauseous seeing that. It's real spooky.

**ID:** What is that from.

**STAN:** The **George Burns** movie, "18 Again."

**ID:** What did they do to get a **Dickies** cameo?

**STAN:** They called us and said, "We'll give you a lot of money if you come down and jump up and down."

**ID:** So, you're like in the background playing?

**STAN:** It wasn't that much money, but we actually got individual screen credit.

**ID:** You did?

**STAN:** Yeah, it was kill. I always wanted to see myself in the cinema.

**ID:** What song were you playing?

**STAN:** We did "You Drive Me Ape," and "She's a Hunchback." The stunt man for **Leonard** jumped out on a rope. Don't be fooled by that. He's actually a stunt man.

**ID:** I'd never be fooled by that.

**STAN:** Boy will he be pissed if he reads this. He wanted to flex his muscles and do it, but he just lost it. He's not the athletic type. When they got a stunt man to do it his sock wasn't up as high. The guy just stopped the presses.

**ID:** Did you get to meet **George Burns**?

**STAN:** No. We were real bummed about that.

**ID:** Better than your cameo in **General Hospital**?

**STAN:** It was real great white bread, clean, PG stuff.

**ID:** Have you got your screen actors gild union card yet.

**STAN:** Yeah, I got a **SAG** card. (I) had it for years. (I got it) when we did **CPO Sharky**, many moons ago.

(We had to leave Stan and go back to the **Samoans** interview at this point.) ■

**DICKIES**



Having missed the elusive 1984 Naked Raygun shows in Los Angeles, we once again eagerly awaited the West Coast leg of their most recent world tour. Imagine our disappointment as Naked Raygun produced

my brother and Earl started back up with John's brother, Joe, the drummer from **Bloodsport**, and they got him and Chris Bjorkland from **Bloodsport**, and they're playing drums and bass now. I don't know if

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an almost lifeless, limp, Los Angeles outing. "Pretty pathetic," we all thought, "Is this all that these chumps have to offer?"

Then, sporting an extremely rare optimistic outlook, Thomas, Brian, and Joy trekked up to the Gilman Street warehouse in Berkeley in hopes of seeing the **REAL** Naked Raygun. What they found there impressed them...oh, did it impress them, for it was like a different band. This band was full of energy, vim, vigor, etc., etc. They certainly left us all in a tizzy, gasping for air, reluctant to go back south to our droll, paltry lives. But we did. At least we still have the memories, and no one can take that from us.

But before the show, we interviewed the band members: Jeff (vocals and occasional guitar); John (guitar); Eric (drums); Pierre (bass); and Willy (roadie and munitions). The following is the result of said interview...

**ID:** Your brother (referring to Pierre Kezdy) is in the **Effigies**.

**PIERRE:** Yup, that's right. Absolutely. He's the singer. He's actually the driving force behind the **Effigies**, as it were.

**ID:** And they are back together?

**PIERRE:** They are back together. They've got the original guitar player, Earl Letiecq.

**ID:** Why weren't you ever in that band?

**PIERRE:** Actually a long time ago, a very long time ago, I did play with my brother. The first band he or I was ever in. We never did anything. He thought I was a horrible bass player, which was true in fact, so he kicked me out. The first band that he started was with the bass player Paul, who was in the **Effigies**. I can't remember the name of it, it was so long ago. Oh, the **Corrosives**, and of course that failed miserably. Well, what happened was that they kicked Earl out for doing too many drugs or something. Then they got a new guitar player, who was a real wimp, I don't know why they got him. It just sort of went down hill from there. But then

they'll be doing much but they are still playing. We're going to be doing a third of July concert with them in Chicago, actually.

**ID:** Well, I guess that's enough of the **Effigies**.

**ERIC:** It was just getting interesting.

**ID:** That's right, and we don't want it to be interesting. You (Pierre) were wearing a **Government Issue** shirt the other night.

**PIERRE:** I was wearing a **Government Issue** shirt.

**JEFF:** 'Cause John Stabb is on it, that's why.

**ID:** Yeah, John Stabb's so cute.

**JEFF:** Imagine having John Stabb on your chest.

**ERIC:** No, just John Stabb literally, maybe.

**ID:** Just tape him on there, huh? Have you guys ever done a **Government Issue** song?

**JEFF:** No. (Jeff sings something about being stuck in a van). They rolled their van in England, so I'm singing "John Stabb in a Van".

**ID:** Really. Did they get hurt?

**ALL:** Yeah.

**PIERRE:** Their drummer got badly hurt. He has a metal splint in his leg or something like that. John and Jeff correspond frequently. Name another band.

**ID:** **Stiff Little Fingers**.

**PIERRE:** They're a great band. Too bad they're not together anymore.

**ID:** Do you do any other covers?

**PIERRE:** We do **Buzzcocks**. We've done **Stranglers**, **Ted Nugent**... You know, the whole gamut, if you will.

**ID:** Where did you get the "whoa, whoa's"? The "Oh's"...

**JEFF:** We got them on our own. People think we were influenced by the **Misfits**, but we're not.

**PIERRE:** It was way before the **Misfits**.

**ID:** It seems like you have more than them. More than most bands.

**ERIC:** More "Oh's" than **Cheerios**.

**ID:** That's right.

**JEFF:** We just can't think of any words.

**ID:** You have a lot of words.



**JEFF:** It would be easy to put "whoa's" in every song, but they'd have to be really good "whoa's."

**ID:** Have you ever done a video?

**PIERRE:** Actually, we tried to do a video once, but it failed miserably. It's like trying to write lyrics.

**ID:** Yeah, that's what I was getting to. In the last interview you were doing, you were talking about how you didn't want to be too set with your lyrics. Do you think that would happen with a video?

**PIERRE:** Well, I don't know about lyrics, but the video thing sort of sucks pretty badly for a few reasons.

**JOHN:** Why?

**PIERRE:** Let me tell you, let me tell you.

**ERIC:** Pray, tell.

**PIERRE:** If you do a video of a live concert that's alright, that's pretty much portraying the band as it is live.

is that it's not the bands who are doing the images. The producers are sort of dictating what the songs are about.

**PIERRE:** Yeah, well that's true too. Unless you are a really good director you're not going to get exactly what you want, to begin with. It's hard enough writing a song, let alone directing a video and having it come out exactly the way you want. I just think it takes away from the music. You'd have to have a great director doing it. You'd have to have Alfred Hitchcock do **Naked Raygun**. That might be alright, but otherwise you're losing.

**ID:** Is there an official **Naked Raygun** diet?

**PIERRE:** Besides beer?

**ID:** Besides beer and McDonalds?

**ERIC:** Mexican food.



You lose a bit, though. Let's face it, video is not like being there. So there is a loss there, but of course you do perhaps gain an audience by putting it on video. But if you're going to do a video like these MTV videos, to me you're just going to lose, because I believe that the visual image is stronger than the audio image. If you're just going to be watching the thing, it's going to be distracting from the song, so the song becomes secondary.

**ID:** One of the things that bugs me about those videos,

□ Live photos of **Naked Raygun** by Thomas

**PIERRE:** John, Eric and Jeff are big on Mexican food.

**ERIC:** Just pretty much anything. We're not very picky.

**PIERRE:** Anything goes. Just as long as the beer is cold.

**ID:** What are you interested in doing with the band?

**PIERRE:** Well, with this new record contract that we have, we have to put out an album a year. So, I think we're going to be spending a little more time writing songs than we have before. So it is sort of good for us,

□ Group photos of **Naked Raygun** by Brian



because we just don't write because we don't feel like writing. When we have to write we do write.

**ID:** You said you were going to play on a boat with the **Effigies**, have you ever done any other shows that are interesting like that? Weird places...

**ERIC:** We almost played at rodeo one time. Actually, it was around here.

**JEFF:** Fresno. We did play in all four corners of a room once.

**ID:** Did it work?

**JEFF:** Yeah, it did. It was really hard to sing together.

**JOHN:** It was really hard to start.

**JEFF:** It was at Cubby Bear. It was cool, people were really confused standing in the middle.

**ID:** Has anyone ever attacked you on stage, or thrown something at you? Given you anything...flowers?

**JEFF:** No. We did cut a turkey in half on Thanksgiving, with a chainsaw.

**JOHN:** People are pretty cool all in all. Even when we were not so big nobody really hated us much.

**ID:** What kind of audience do you have in Chicago?

**JOHN:** It's all mixed. Pretty young, but a pretty good mix.

**PIERRE:** That's one thing, we do have a wide range as far as audience goes. I mean, it differs from city to city, but I think we get lots of different kinds of people, from the right wing skinheads to the left wing... A lot of people listen to us because we're not really political in any one way, but yet we still appeal to a lot of them.

**ID:** Do you have any compunction against playing an over twenty one club?

**JOHN:** No, we do quite often. Like New Years we played at Exit, which is over twenty one.

**PIERRE:** In Chicago, the young kids are a lot wilder and crowd up around the stage, and do wild things. The older crowd sort of resents that. They prefer to see us at an over twenty one place, so we do both. It satisfies everybody.

**ID:** Does it ever bother you, having all those kids crawling on your equipment and stuff?

**JEFF:** They don't allow that anymore in Chicago.

**PIERRE:** There used to be.

**JEFF:** There used to be a little mayhem on stage, like thirty or forty people every song.

**PIERRE:** I got the wind knocked out of me once in the middle of a song, which sucked pretty bad.

**JEFF:** I don't mind people on stage if they don't knock into the guitars.

**PIERRE:** As long as they don't hit me, it's fine.

**JEFF:** Another thing I don't like is stage diving, because people get crushed. I mean, stage diving looks

that.

**PIERRE:** Too many broken bones. Unless the stage diving thing is really organized, and you're diving into a bunch of your friends, it's really pretty stupid.

**ID:** So, you guys don't stage dive?

**ERIC:** Never.

**JOHN:** Never once have I stage dived. Never in my life.

**JEFF:** I've always wanted to, but I'm too big. I'm afraid I'd kill somebody.

**PIERRE:** Most places that we go now it's outlawed. There's been too many serious accidents.

**JEFF:** There's a couple serious ones, like right before we played Minneapolis. At a Detroit show somebody got hurt really badly.

**PIERRE:** We were going to play Omaha, and the week before some guy broke his neck and got paralyzed, so the whole gig got cancelled. Stuff like that...

**ID:** So, if we were to go to Chicago, where should we go to see and do things?

**PIERRE:** The Metro's the bar, the big venue, that holds like a thousand people. Most of the big punk type bands from Europe and out of state play there. So that's probably where most of the hot gigs are. There are a couple of local bars like Exit and Dreamers where you can go every night and drink.

**JEFF:** Batteries Not Included is one. The first thing you should do when if you go to Chicago is pick up a free copy of the Reader. It's just like other towns' Readers, but ours' is free and it has a music section.

**ERIC:** Just come to my house and I'll tell you what's happening.

**JEFF:** Eric will tell you every single thing to do.

**ERIC:** I have a large empty apartment.

**JOHN:** It's totally void of cats. Cat s were cat-napped.

**JEFF:** Cat burgled.

**PIERRE:** He had his cat stolen by his ex-girlfriend.

**ID:** Why did she steal the cat?

**ERIC:** I don't know.

**PIERRE:** She want's Eric's so badly...

**JOHN:** There's a ransom involved.

**ERIC:** It's grisly, let's not get into it.

**ID:** Do you guys all work?

**PIERRE:** Day jobs, yeah. That's what's sort of bad. It's sort of hard for us to tour, getting the vacations coordinated and things like that. There's only so many weeks off a year you can take.

**ERIC:** I'm lucky because I can take off practically anytime. I've got a really cool boss.

**PIERRE:** I'm pretty lucky too, I can take off.

**ID:** Have your parents ever seen the band?

**PIERRE:** Actually, John and Jeff's parents have come

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really cool, and it seems to be really fun, but people have to be landed on, and I think everybody forgets



a few times. Jeff's parents are really into Naked Raygun.



**ERIC:** Jeff's mom stage dives (they all laugh).

**ID:** She bumps into the equipment, right, and knocks it over.

**JEFF:** We can't keep her off stage.

**ERIC:** It's really wild to see her flying off stage in her combat boots.

**JEFF:** Last time we played, she picked up six of her friends, who are the same age as her, and my dad, and they were all wearing **Naked Raygun** T-shirts.

**PIERRE:** A bunch of fifty year olds.

**JEFF:** And people were trying to buy their shirts from them.

**PIERRE:** For the "All Rise" record release party, Jeff's mom made tons of food. There was a big food display, it was really great.

**ID:** What are your parents like?

**JEFF:** My dad is sort of like James Bond.

**ALL:** Yeah.

**JOHN:** Yeah, he has that Bond look.

**PIERRE:** A really suave kind of guy.

**ID:** Did you guys used to play with G.I. Joes when you were little?

**ALL:** Yeah.

**JOHN:** I still have mine.

**JEFF:** I had the German guy.

**JOHN:** I've got two German guys, but I'm missing the helmets.

**ID:** Did you ever have the six-wheeled all terrain vehicle with the mummy's tomb? It had the glow-in-the-dark mummy.

**JOHN:** Yeah, but that was almost after my time, when they started coming out with that stuff.

**JEFF:** I've got the van, I've got the jeep. The underground something...

**JOHN:** Do you have the frogman guy?

**JEFF:** Yeah, and I've got the firefighter.

**ERIC:** I lost the knife like the same day I got it. The knife on the side of the guy's leg, I lost it.

**JEFF:** I don't have any molotov cocktails. Do you have any molotov cocktails?

**JOHN:** No.

**JEFF:** They sell those things for a hundred bucks a piece.

**PIERRE:** Yeah, we were at this store in New York. Yeah, a hundred bucks for these guys. That's just this guy in a uniform.

**JOHN:** The German hand grenade. I think I got one of those.

**JEFF:** The old German guy?

**JOHN:** I've got it all, except for the helmet, which is the coolest part.

**ERIC:** Do you have the cross, the iron cross?

**JOHN:** They don't come like that.

**ERIC:** Yeah they do.

**JOHN:** Oh, that's right, they did! No, that's long lost. Yeah, I remember crying when I lost that.

**PIERRE:** Tonka's, that's what I played with, I'm sorry.

**JOHN:** No G.I. Joes?

**PIERRE:** I did have some G.I. Joes, a few, but they got blown up or something very early on. We used to blow lots of things up. Willy, our roadie here, was the demolitions expert. That guy would build these incredible bombs out of kerosene and stuff. We used to blow up model tanks and boats all the time.

**WILLY:** I mean, after you build a plastic model, what's left? Blow it up.

**ID:** Sounds good.

**WILLY:** And it burns very nicely.

**ID:** Yeah, it has a nice smell, too. Even Tonkas are made out of plastic now.

**PIERRE:** Are they really? Jesus Christ. Plastic! Plastic trucks! Plastic dump trucks! What a ridiculous concept.

**WILLY:** They did a commercial where they had a little Tonka truck and a huge real truck, and they through them both off a cliff of about fifty feet. The real truck was destroyed, and the Tonka just bounced, and was fine. Plastic must be better than steel, obviously.

**JEFF:** I had an Elia Curiaken doll.

**JOHN:** Wow.

**JEFF:** It was about the size that G.I. Joes are now, and it came with this gun that actually shot a cap, a single metal cap. I had a Sergeant Rock doll, too. My mom saved every single thing. It's in this big pile in the basement.

**PIERRE:** My mom threw everything out.

**JEFF:** I have my entire beer can collection.

**ID:** So, you guys missed the Earthquake.

**PIERRE:** Actually, when I was about ten years old I was travelling with my parents up in Alaska. We were on this island called Sitka and there was this big earthquake, registered 7.4, about fifty miles away. I was scared shitless. Then they said on the radio- this island just has one tiny village on it, and they have this radio- then the radio said, "There's going to be a tsunami wave, and it's going to hit the outer islands first," which is of course where we were. They said, "It's going to wipe everything out there, so you better seek high ground." It was a nightmare.

(Sharon from Alternative Tentacles comes in to tell the band that their concert is going to be broadcast live on the radio at 9:30.)

**SHARON:** So, what I have to ask you is do you know the seven dirty words that you're not supposed to say over the radio? **WILLY:** Wait a minute. Shit, piss, cunt, fuck, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits.

**SHARON:** That's it. Yeah.

**ID:** Tits shouldn't even be on the list.

**JOHN:** We don't have swear words in any of our songs.

**SHARON:** It's not necessarily that. Songs don't really make any difference because they can't pick up any of that, but it's the in-between song banter that usually goes on.

**JEFF:** Oh, okay. No, we don't swear.



**JOHN:** No problem.

**ERIC:** Except for that one part where you go, "Show me your tits you motherfuckin' cocksucker!" (laughs)

**SHARON:** Okay. My name is on the release form so if you want to get me in trouble... (she leaves).

**PIERRE:** Anyway, this Tsunami wave was going to hit (we all laugh) god damn it. And so the radio said, "The high point on the island is the high school parking lot," right? So, of

## PIERRE KEZDY

course, all the cars on the island made a B-line for this high school parking lot. We're sitting there, and of course I'm ten years old and I'm shitting in my pants thinking I'm going to die.

There were these "adults" actually climbing trees. It was totally the most bizarre thing you could imagine. They

were literally trying to get to the highest point on the island. They were fucking climbing trees, it was totally incredible. It was really wild and chaotic.

**ID:** Did it ever hit?

**PIERRE:** Nope, it never hit.

**ERIC:** Where did it go?

**PIERRE:** I don't know where it went.

**ID:** Last year there was this major earthquake out in the ocean, and all through southern California there was this warning to stay away from the beach because this giant tsunami's going to hit. So what everyone did was drive down to the beach to see it (laughter).

**ERIC:** Holy shit.

**WILLY:** There were about ten thousand surfers waiting for it.

**ID:** There was some guy who did that. They dropped

him off from a helicopter. They showed him and he cracked up right away. He really wiped out, but I think he lived. Like the guy who skied down Mount Everest.

**PIERRE:** What happened to the guy on Mount Everest?

**ID:** He stopped fifteen feet before this huge hole, this huge crevasse.



**JEFF:** He had this parachute on the whole time. He just opened it up immediately. He was going down an over 45 degree angle.

**JOHN:** Wow, that's totally incredible.

**ID:** Did you visit any sites on your trip?

**PIERRE:** The La Brea pits.

**JOHN:** Las Vegas.

**JEFF:** I visited the La Brea Tar Pits at night.

**ID:** At night?

**JEFF:** It was illegal supposedly. I was looking around for the security guards. I mean, it's not like you can't go there. It's all open anyway, but they're neat, they bubble. You guys are from there...

**ID:** Yeah, we came out of there.

**PIERRE:** We visited Circus Circus in Las Vegas. I guess that was the biggest landmark.



**JEFF:** We saw the Hoover Dam.

**ID:** Did you go down inside?

**JOHN:** No. It was at night again.

**ERIC:** I did laundry today.

**ID:** So, what is this Motel 6 thing?

**JEFF:** We're not there anymore.

Now we're at the Easy 8 instead.

**PIERRE:** All the motel 6's in the area were booked up.

**WILLY:** We've moved up two numbers.

**PIERRE:** The doors don't lock, so we have to take everything out of the room.

**ID:** So, what kind of gear do you have with you this time?

**PIERRE:** Gear? We have the biggest, the best gear that you can possibly have.

**JEFF:** We do have the cow horns (on the hood).

**ID:** Did those go on in Chicago or...?

**ALL:** TEXAS.

**JOHN:** Genuine Texas short horns.

**PIERRE:** A six dollar investment...the bands spares no expense when it comes to...

**ERIC:** I bought those.

**WILLY:** The beauty of using a bass string to hold it down is a big concept.

**BAND:** Sssshhhh.

**WILLY:** They knew it already.

**ID:** They haven't gotten stolen?

**ERIC:** No. People are afraid to. They think if you have those...

**JOHN:** ...it's a bad omen.

**ERIC:** It's a sign of virility.

**JOHN:** Whoever steals it will die.

**ID:** So, what's your batting average actually playing the shows you're booked for?

**ALL:** Good.

**JOHN HAGGERTY**

**ERIC:** Thought we were going to say something else (he laughs)?





**JEFF:** Yeah, the east coast tour we did we only had one show cancelled. Both times Philadelphia cancelled. So, we're never ever going to play Philadelphia. Ha, ha, hear that? They're going to have to drive to New York.

**ERIC:**

**JEFF PEZZATI**

That was a massive tour, that was like twenty five shows in thirty days, with only one gig cancelled.

**PIERRE:** That was pretty darn good.

**ID:** Do you guys watch a lot of movies or T.V.?

**ERIC:** Oh, I do.

**PIERRE:** I think collectively, Blade Runner is probably the band favorite.

**ERIC:** Yeah.

**JOHN:** For Sci-Fi, yeah, definitely.

**PIERRE:** I used to watch a lot of Bewitched and I Dream of Jeannie re-runs when I was a kid.

**JEFF:** Eric had his first erection to I Dream of Jeannie.

**ERIC:** Yes that's true. I still have a hard time watching that show.

**ID:** They have a new I Dream of Jeannie out with a new guy playing the major. Larry Hagman wouldn't go back to that.

**ERIC:** Wow, she still looks good, too.

**JOHN:** I never heard about that. I'll watch it.

**ERIC:** As will I.

**JOHN:** It's going to stink. You know it's going to stink.

**ID:** Do you follow sports or hate sports?

**ERIC:** I really like hockey.

**JOHN:** Do you know what is

going on in the Stanley Cup

playoffs? I've been in kind of incomunicado. There's not enough cable channels at these hotels to even catch any of it.

**ERIC:** You have lousy T.V. out here.

**JOHN:** It's surprisingly bad on the west



coast.

**PIERRE:** We were in L.A. and our motel T.V. got 3 channels.

**ID:** We get plenty of channels. How many do you get in

Chicago?

**JOHN:**

At least 15 or 20.

**ID:** That's about

what you should

have gotten in L.A.

**ERIC:**

No, we didn't.

**ID:**

Something's

wrong. Wrong hotels. Motel 6...

**PIERRE:** What the hell do you expect for 20 bucks a night?

**JOHN:** The sports they have out here are like childrens' surfing and volleyball.

**PIERRE:** Too much golf. Way too much golf on the T.V. for some reason. It takes so damned long.

**JOHN:** That's something I can never figure out. Even if you like golf, how can you like it on T.V.?

**JEFF:** We go and see a lot of movies, though. At least I do.

**ID:** What kind?

**JEFF:** Withnail and I was one of the most hilarious ones I've seen recently.

**PIERRE:** Oh, I saw that. It was hilarious.

**JEFF:** I laughed a lot. I've seen a lot of bad movies lately, too.

**PIERRE:** Yeah, there haven't been that many spectacular movies. The Untouchables I saw, that was really good.

**JEFF:** It was good, but it was not to true to life.

**PIERRE:** You've got to like Sean Connery, though.

**ERIC:** I saw Amadeus. That was hysterical.

**ID:** That was the last movie you saw?

**ERIC:** Yeah.

**ID:** I guess you don't go to that many movies.

**PIERRE:** We went and saw John Holmes porno in 3-D.

**ERIC:** That's right.

**ID:** John Holmes died.

**JOHN:** We had our own special memorial service back at the practice place.

**ID:** Do you have any advice for people who want to be in a band?

**PIERRE:** Yeah. Write good songs.

**ERIC:** Just never quit. Longevity is the secret.

**PIERRE:** I see a lot of bands, but I don't hear a lot of good songs. A lot of people get together in a band and

let's face it, they just write crappy songs. They don't work very hard.

**ID:** Do you think a lot of bands now think they can just be together for a little while and achieve notoriety without...?

**PIERRE:** Yeah, it's easy to get up there. Especially with punk. Punk was the way that everybody could get up on stage and do their own thing, you know. So, it was really easy for a bunch of shitty musicians to get up there and not do very much. Still, whatever bands there are that are good, are at least crafty if not creative. So you have to be one or the other. A lot of people just rode the wave and got up there and played for fifty or a hundred people or whatever. I haven't heard that much great music lately, not in the last four or five years as I did in the years between '77 and '82. Or '81. There's definitely a lot of great stuff out there and then everybody else just started copying everybody else and it doesn't really mean that

much anymore.

**ID:** It seems like more of you guys are writing songs now. Is that true?

**PIERRE:** Yeah, everybody's got a song on this record. On the last album, "All Rise," I joined just when all the songs, pretty much, had been written. Eric was fairly new then, too, so this is really the first album that Eric and I had a say in.

**ID:** Do you think it's going to stay like that?

**ERIC:** Yeah, it really rounds things out nicely.

**PIERRE:** Yeah, you get four different styles of writing. You got the same people playing them, but there's four different people writing the lyrics and the music, and it's bound to be varied. I think that's really good.

**ID:** How did you guys get together?

**ERIC:** Well, I used to go see **Naked Raygun** years ago.

**PIERRE:** Yeah, so did I. I was in a band called **Strike Under**, and we used to play with **Naked Raygun**. Actually, we first got together with them because Jeff had a P.A., and the bartender at one place said, "Talk to **Naked Raygun**, they've got a P.A." And I thought to myself, "**Naked Raygun**, what a shitty name." (Laughter.)

**ID:** Who named the band?

**ERIC:** None of us.

**JEFF:** Not me either.

**ERIC:** It's only when somehow you accidentally tell somebody that you're in a band that you wished you hadn't. You go, "**Naked Raygun**," and they go, "Who?"

**JEFF:** You've got to say it about five times, and they go, "Uh, never heard of you."

**PIERRE:** Then you inevitably say, "Fuck you." (laughter)

**ID:** I cannot wear this shirt without some stranger coming up to me and saying, "What does that mean?"

**JOHN:** See, you know, look at it, now even our shirts give people grief. (Laughter.)

**PIERRE:** We've got to put out a T-shirt without our



name on it. I think that would be a big step, or just abbreviated "NR" or something like that. For people who know you it doesn't matter. After a while it's just the music that matters, not the band name.

**ID:** Who does the artwork for you?

**JEFF:** We have the concept, the concept is ours. We decide what we want it to look like then we get somebody to do it.

**PIERRE:** Actually, the "Jettison" stuff, Eric knows these two guys really well, friends from Philadelphia that do a comic fanzine called Brain Dead. They draw and do their own cartoons and whatever, Heavy Metal stuff, and we figured we were probably going to call our album "Jettison", and said, "Here are the lyrics to the song. Draw something."

**JEFF:** No. No.

**PIERRE:** What do you mean, "No"?!

**JOHN:** You had the concept of the guy on the ground before.

**PIERRE:** Well, yeah. That's what Jettison's about, right?

**JEFF:** Yeah, but whatever they came up with we said, "Okay, now draw a guy going really close to the ground."

**PIERRE:** Yeah, that's true. Sorry.

**ERIC:** We went through stages.

**ID:** You have a lot of violent images in your songs, why is that?

**ERIC:** We do?

**ID:** I think people being hit by a blade of grass at 600

miles an hour...

**ALL:** It's a gnat.

**ID:** People burning at the beach? Things like that...

**JEFF:** Yeah, but I think that's more like interesting than violent.

**ID:** It's funny.

**JEFF:** It is funny. It's tongue-in-cheek. You're right, to see someone be accidentally lit on fire, or die in a fire, is different than seeing someone spontaneously combust. That would be hilarious. (We contemplate that for a moment.)

**ERIC:** Seeing someone blowing their hand up with firecrackers, that could be funny if they were fucking around, you know.

**JEFF:** It's not that we are trying to be funny, but I don't know if violence is the right word either.

**ID:** Did get a look at the First Interstate building in Los Angeles? The one that burned.

**JOHN:** Was it hilarious?

**PIERRE:** I heard about that in the news. What about that marshmallow factory that blew up near Las Vegas?

**ID:** The one where marshmallows were going through people's windows.

**JEFF:** Oh, that's totally hilarious.

**ERIC:**

People  
are  
get-  
ting

flaming  
marshmallows  
flying at them.  
We used to do  
that at camp a





lot, light marshmallows on fire and fling them at people with a stick.

**JOHN:** Personally I hate marshmallows, so I think it's hilarious.

**ID:** Any closing comments you want to say?

**JOHN:** Are we gonna be the centerfold? It'd be nice to do a centerfold for Ink Disease.

**PIERRE:** I can get you some good pictures of John, if

world".

**ERIC:** There's something they always say...

**JOHN:** "Turn ons: A sensitive man".

**ERIC:** "A walk in the rain."

**JOHN:** They never say anything like "WILD HARD SEX".

**WILLY:** Or "Any millionaire I can lay my hands on."

**JOHN:** "Favorite music: Billy Joel..."



**ERIC SPICER**

you know what I mean.

**JOHN:** Turn ons, turn offs.

**ERIC:** Measurements.

**ID:** "Ambition: For the world to be a better place to live."

**PIERRE:** Yeah, your favorite book, and "peace for the

**ID:** "...Genesis", and then they always throw in some sort of classical music like Bach or Brahms.

**JOHN:** That's right.

**ID:** What game show would you like to be on?

**ALL:** Jeopardy. ■



Savage Republic have always had a mystique about them. They're one of those bands that great myths seem to follow. The kind of band that it's said could be found at the top of the highest mountain, or in the arabian dessert. Like the myths they often are just as elusive. Somehow I've only managed to see them three times in eight years, and one of those times in their former incarnation as Africa Corps.

Bruce Licher's Independent Projects art is stunning, and fits so well that you can almost feel how their music sounds, before you even hear it. The music lives up to the legend, being just as compelling as their art. It's really got a swirling desert wind feel to it...

Joy and Thomas searched West Hollywood until we found, guitar player and percussionist extraordinaire, Ethan Port. Then we tied him up long enough to give us the secrets of the band, which we will now go out and sell for millions.

Anyway, here's Ethan...

**ID:** ...So, actually, what is happening with the band?

**Ethan:** They're going to Europe for two months.

**ID:** Are you going?

**Ethan:** I'm not going to go for the first part of the tour. I'll have to see what happens. I think I'm going to make it for the last part. I'll probably go in November.

**ID:** Why aren't you going to start out with them?

**Ethan:** Because I have to take a qualifying exam at U.C.L.A.

**ID:** For what?

**Ethan:** Mathematics. I'm taking an algebra test. I asked if I could take the quarter off and they said, "No!" They said they'd kick me out of the program. 'Cuz they only give 325 PH.D'S in mathematics a year in the whole United States.

**ID:** How far are you from it?

**Ethan:** Once I pass this exam it's like another year and a half. I figure, if I can get my degree, then I'll quit and

do music for a couple years. I'll become a retired rock star.

**ID:** So we'll call you Dr. Ethan?

**Ethan:** Dr. Savage... Dr. Republic.

**ID:** How long have you been with the band?

**Ethan:** I was in the band.. Um... we did that thing in the desert in 1983 [Ethan drops some change]... o.k., so the history of the band: um, in 1982 they formed Savage



Republic out of Africa Corps. Right when the record came out they changed the name. Jackson Del Rey didn't want to have a name with Nazi associations. A lot of people were really giving him flack for that. Also there were three hardcore bands called Africa Corps.

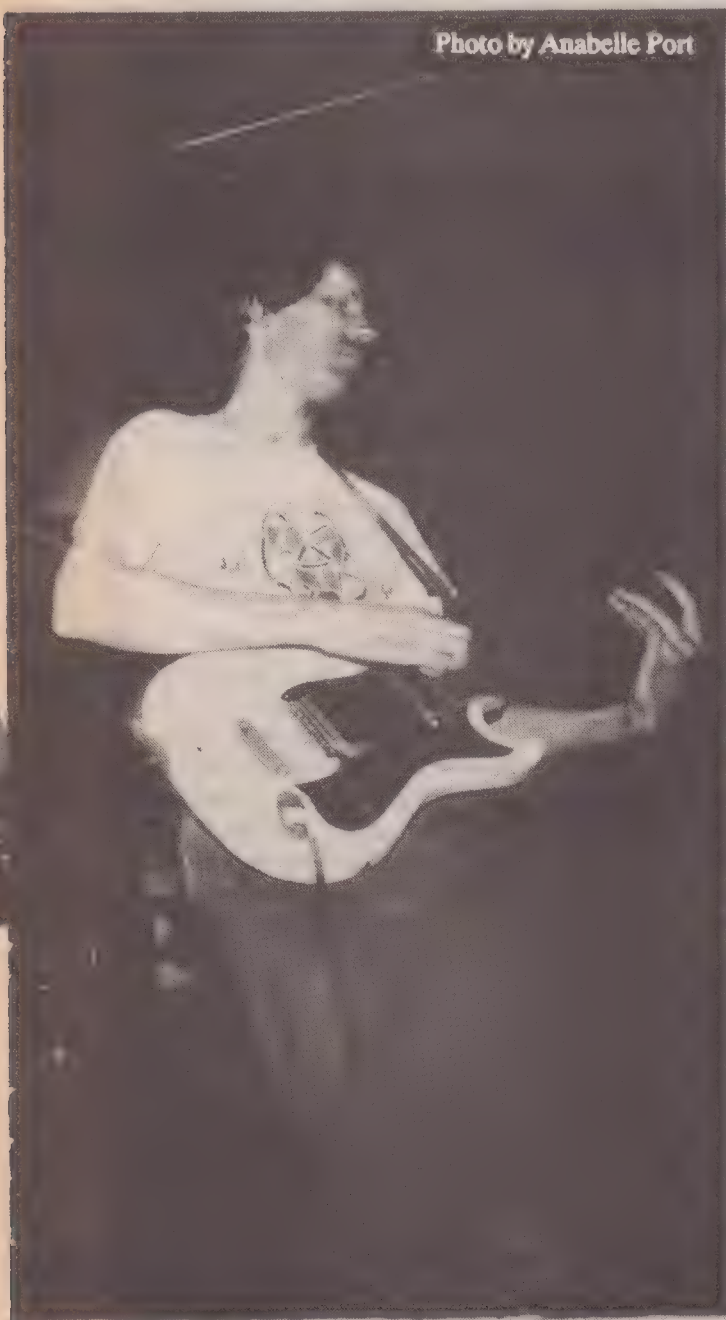
**ID:** I thought I saw Savage Republic in late 81 or early 82 open up for Public Image.





**Ethan:** That was in August of 82. Back then they were **Africa Corps.**, and Jeff Long was in the band. They did a West Coast tour and I think after that Jeff quit. Then in 1983 Robert was in between there. There were really huge differences of opinion between Bruce and Phil. So Phil went off and did **Seventeen Pygmies** and Bruce took off a year and just did the printing. Phil came back; it's just really strange. Phil and Bruce

Photo by Anabelle Port



didn't even talk to each other for two years. So, Craig and I were in a band called **UH** at the same time which we now call **Uranium Hoax** and Bruce was practicing with us. I knew Bruce and Phil from 1981 when they were **Africa Corps.** still, at the radio station--I was always doing that. So we all knew each other. We were friends and stuff and kept up with each other. And

then it was just kind of like after a year Bruce wanted to start doing music again. We practiced once, I think, with Fred Nielson from... I think he was in the **Human Hands**. I'm not exactly sure. But all those guys are a little bit older than me so they were all at UCLA as undergraduates when I was still in high school.

**ID:** When did you pick up Thom and Bradley?

**Ethan:** Greg and I and Thom all toured with the band at the same time. About nine months later was when we did "Trudge" and started touring together. That was a West Coast tour around 1984. And then we did a U.S. tour in 1986. And then we broke up again. A lot of it had to do with Mark. I don't know, it's really strange, the whole history of the band has always been real turmoil and tension. The band's probably more together now than it's ever been.

**ID:** So do you think that helped?

**Ethan:** Yeah, breaking up definitely helped. I don't think the band would have broken up if Bruce's business hadn't been completely failing. That's like the main reason we just took a break from the band was to help Bruce get out of debt.

**ID:** How is the Independent Product Projects doing today?

**Ethan:** He's still pretty marginal. Going on this tour could be the final nail in the coffin. It's hard to tell, it might do o.k. His business was really picking up this year.

**ID:** How does Independent Projects relate to the band?

**Ethan:** Well, originally the Independent Project records was started to put out **Savage Republic** records. Then Bruce continued it as his own company. Then Jackson Del Rey joined the band after we broke up. We did the tour last summer in Europe with Phil and Mark. Then as soon as Phil came back, and Bruce got together they formed Nate Starkman and Son Records.

**ID:** What is the difference between Nate Starkman and Independent Projects?

**Ethan:**  
Phil had  
Resistance  
Records,  
Bruce had  
Independent  
Projects  
Records  
and basically  
Nate  
Starkman



was like  
a col-  
labora-  
tion  
between  
them.  
Al-  
though  
I.P.R...  
it's kinda  
vague be-  
cause

none of them really have any money; it's more like if Bruce does a project maybe it will be under I.P.R. and if Phil does something now it will be a Nate Starkman release.

So Brad joined right after the tour was over; with Mark--we saw there was no way we were gonna be able to continue with him. We had material for a new



record though. The first person we asked was Brad and he said, "Yes." It was real weird because he had just been asked to drum for... So there was like a period of about two weeks when we didn't know if he was gonna say yes.

We all knew Brad from the same time period--1981, 82 like through the Anti-Club. **Savage Republic** played the Anti-Club all the time. The only club I ever played at was the Anti-Club, basically. We played there like twenty times.

**ID:** Could the whole band and the equipment fit on the Anti-Club stage?

**Ethan:** Yeah, We fit; it was a little tight. That stage isn't as small now, as it was. We did this one show where like the stage was really rickety and we had all these like reverb bands. The whole show was like this wash of reverb sound.

**ID:** When you play in a small club like that, you have quite a reputation of setting fires.

**Ethan:** I didn't start setting fires until 85. We never did fires at the Anti-Club; Helen would have killed us. We used to do all kinds of other things but... Fires are a little bit (of a recent invention).

**ID:** Has that gotten you into trouble?

**Ethan:** We've never gotten into real trouble. At some clubs I always get nervous but... we used to be a lot more insane about it than now. Now I'm just using alcohol and stuff; we may get bigger flames but there's no matches or anything.

**ID:** Except at Bogart's it was nearly hitting the ceiling.

**Ethan:** Yeah it hits the ceiling but it's like over in a second. It's like when you put your finger through a candle; it doesn't burn, it's kind of more show. There's a lot of clubs where we haven't done it. Like at Bogart's I wasn't gonna do it 'til the guys in the band were sayin, "Yeah--do it."

**ID:** It's kind of a trade mark now.

**Ethan:** It's kind of like I'm sitting there at the edge of a cliff; everyone's saying, "Jump, jump!" Yeah, it's kind of a trademark for now.

**ID:** Your closing song, that you and Brad do all the time, is really effective.

**Ethan:** Oh, "Procession?"

**ID:** Yeah. How is that going to affect the first part of the tour because that seems like the real crowd pleaser.

**Ethan:** I was talking to Brad yesterday and he was kind of nervous about the whole thing. It's like everyone says, "How are they going to play without a main member of the band?" But the thing is that everyone switches off. And there's a lot of songs that they can pull-off without me 'cuz Phil's a really good guitar player. As far as percussion goes I don't know how flamboyant Greg or Bruce are compared to solid percussion playing.

**ID:** It seems like Thom gets into that...

**Ethan:** Yeah, Thom can make up for a lot, too. If I'm not there and there's any kind of gap I'm sure they'll fill

it in. I wish I was there playing but I think the tour will probably go pretty well. The tour in Europe last time had real serious problems without me being there because Mark had trouble keeping the beat. That's how I learned to play percussion so hard; it's because with Mark I'd sometimes have to keep up a real steady beat to keep things going.

**ID:** Considering your longevity: I've seen you bring up all these pieces of metal and trashcans and things like that, and nowadays I just see a lot of bands doing that and they seem to get this acclaim that they're the new thing. How do you feel about that?

**Ethan:** Well... obviously we've been using metal percussion from the beginning, like in 1980 when Bruce and Mark were doing experiments together. Mark didn't have a drum kit for two years; he just played (on) metal. Some of those bands are probably copying us, but I think a lot of other bands are copying other like English industrial bands: like **SPK** or like now **Skinny Puppy**'s doing it. So who knows. I don't know any of those new bands, so I don't know if they've ever heard of us or not. It's a pretty natural thing for us to do. If you hear any kind of industrial music they just go out and bang on all sort of things...

**ID:** Do you consider yourself in an industrial band?

**Ethan:** I think we definitely have industrial influences but we're really not on the musical level of a lot of industrial music.

**ID:** You play a lot of different types of shows, too...

**Ethan:** Yeah, it depends on what our set is. We played at Gilman Street Warehouse, which is usually a real hardcore crowd. They were kind of badmouthing us in the beginning so instead of starting out with our slow, Middle Eastern songs where they might just get up and leave, we started with "Kill The Fascists" and "Real Men" from the first album. It's kind of funny because most of the songs on the first album weren't written by the current band members. We reorchestrated them so that they're different from the original songs.

**ID:** Let's get back to the Middle Eastern influences...

**Ethan:** It was more like references to rather than influences...

**ID:** Like nothing definite...?

**Ethan:** Right. It's more abstract than that. Me and Gregory feel the same way in that kind of sixties, psychedelic Middle Eastern sound. I think when **Savage Republic** started, that was Bruce's intention, to bring this kind of ethnic sound out. That was what was so unique about them. If you grew up in LA and listened to a lot of LA and college radio, around 1980, 1981, the idea of a band like **Savage Republic** is totally obvious. There were some other bands like that, but the bands around that time who tried to do it broke up right away. That was a time when everybody was experimenting, you didn't have like... heavy metal or these categories of music. There would be all these eclectic programs on the radio and you could hear five different styles of



music in a half hour. Nowadays, especially around here, everything is so categorized. It's really hard to survive as a band if you're not heavy metal or glam or something. All of a sudden it looks like we're really sooo original...  
**ID:** Do you do any of the artwork?

**Ethan:** I did a lot of flyers and I do some xerox artwork and stuff. I do the T-shirts but most of it is based on Bruce's graphics. Bruce is definitely the graphic genius behind the band. Phil, too. They both went to art school at UCLA. There were about five Iranian factions fighting each other on campus: the reason we did Middle Eastern songs on this album was that we were trying to get back to the first record as opposed to "Ceremonial", which was complete experimenting and depression.

**ID:** On your first album you put, "Feel free to reproduce or play this... we trust you as people, not businessmen..." Are you still able to do this?

**Ethan:** He did that on the first album because he put

out the album and he didn't even take out a copyright on the record. Since then he might have... It was more of a political or social statement at the time. He wasn't saying, "Don't pay us anything for the record," but he was just putting out the message to home tapers or kids

who wanted to go copy the record, that was cool. Obviously we still feel that that's okay but we don't want another record company to copy it and sell it. Even that was at a time when it was still new, and it was really important to make a stance that anyone could form a band, and anyone could make a record. That was like the scene at the time. I'm sure that we all hold that opinion to the extent that it's



really disgusting that bands kiss up to these record companies just for this glimmer of hope. You'd never make a living at music like that. They just string people along, trying to make a profit off them.

**ID:** What do your parents and friends think of the band?



**Ethan:** They probably wouldn't have liked the band three or four years ago but they're really into it now. My mom's really into it. She likes the record. They were at the UCLA show. Bruce's parents helped finance our last tour. Everyone's parents pretty much appreciate it for being popular, at least.

**ID:** Do you ever get pressure from them to sign with a major label and get some money from all your efforts?

**Ethan:** They always have their opinions. They say, "Why don't you sign to a major label?" But on the other hand they don't really know. We wouldn't mind getting some kind of deal with a little bit larger label who could give us a little more support, because (of) this tour to Europe. Up until last week we didn't have any money for the plane tickets. We had to ship all of our equipment to Europe because they couldn't afford to rent equipment for us. We had to pay for that ourselves, we built our own crates.

**ID:** Wouldn't it be cheaper to rent equipment there for yourselves?

**Ethan:** It's cheaper to ship it there. It's really expensive to rent equipment there. We were doing a sixty date tour but half of our shows fell through.

**ID:** It seems that you're more popular across Europe?  
**Ethan:** That's because we've toured Europe and we haven't toured the United States in two years. The first little tour we did was right when "Ceremonial" first came out. That was a disaster for us, it didn't sell at all. Probably fortunately, especially before we remixed the songs. So, since that was our first record in two years a lot of people got disillusioned because they thought "Ceremonial" was the direction we were going. We only intended that record as an experiment, we didn't think that every song we wrote after that was going to be like "Ceremonial". When we put "Trudge" out, it would've made sense how that record fit in because we wrote that material at the same time. That record never came out over here, either. The second US tour we did, we had no records out, and the last record had been gone for a year. the tour still went pretty well for us, we did get some press. Then for two years, we didn't do anything. Now in Europe, what we did was re-release every record, and the live record had just come out also. Right when we had all these records out, we toured Europe. It's the same thing now, we just put this record out and the band is probably going to be a lot more confident in Europe for this tour. It's just as well though because of the bands I know, once you do Europe then people in the US will give you a little more recognition or something. It's this strange psychology that Americans have. It's nice to tour Europe, though, because you get hotel rooms to stay in. And they feed you better.

**ID:** What about another US tour?

**Ethan:** I doubt we'd ever do another two month tour as **Savage Republic**. Maybe as one of the spin-off bands. The way it is now, everyone has put their stuff in storage

to go on tour. They all quit their jobs. Now they have to get new jobs and new apartments, and it's real doubtful that anyone is going to want to move out of their apartments in six months, and get new jobs if they have to go on tour, and are not going to be making any money...

**ID:** How about the new album, "Jamahiriya"?

**Ethan:** We're all pretty happy with it. I don't know what the next record will be like, but the new material sounds really different than that. "Jamahiriya" was a lot closer to our gut feeling of what **Savage Republic** is. "Ceremonial" was a studio record. "Jamahiriya" are more songs that we could play live. The band is a live band. Our shows always come off like we sound better live than on record. This record is a little different, too, it's a little strange. I just think that this record is really good.

(Talk breaks up a bit here as we dig into a mushroom pizza, discuss pork belly stocks and look at copies of the glam magazine "LA Rock Review")

**Ethan:** I know one thing for sure, everyone in the band doesn't want to be like the LA rock bands. Here in West Hollywood, we see them all the time. I don't think any of us want to be like... like that!

**ID:** You don't want to play Gazzari's?!

**Ethan:** Right, and the Troubadour?!

**ID:** Pink and black spandex pants!

**Ethan:** ...and hair extensions! (laughter) There used to be a lot of bands in LA that I liked. I really like **Bulimia Banquet**. They're like real eighties hardcore. This is really embarrassing: this is probably like only me in the band, but I actually like some of the songs that the **Nymphs** do. I think her voice is pretty cool. But they're definitely like one of those Hollywood bands. I think **Four Way Cross** are really good, and of course the **Savage Republic** spin-offs like **Steaming Coils**; the bands on IPR. There's definitely not too many LA bands I'd go out to see, like all those hardcore reunions. Although I think I'd go see **Bad Religion** again.

**ID:** What happened at the New Music Seminar?

**Ethan:** Bruce went to the seminar to see what was going on and there were, basically, a lot of record people there telling each other how great they are. They were going to give us some passes, but they lost them or something, so we couldn't even go. We wanted to see **Pere Ubu** so we went to the Cat Club. I'd have paid to get in, but I just tried telling them that I didn't have my pass with me. So, at the last minute, the guy let me in. that was the only thing we got out of the New Music Seminar, getting in to see **Pere Ubu**.

**ID:** Where did you play?

**Ethan:** Well, it was a pretty small club and they didn't really advertise too much. In fact, they added our show late, because we didn't think we could make it. Our record company wasn't going to pay us or anything, so we finally got some agreement. We weren't even on most of the flyers.

**ID:** How did the seminar relate to the shows?



**Ethan:** Well, at the seminar, everyone went to talk about their label and they showcased there bands so there was this list of bands. People went to the seminar in the day and went club-hopping at night. There were definitely a lot of people from the seminar as well as people who paid. We played a really good show there. We weren't even gonna do it, we thought back and forth about it and then it was more like, "Well, why not do it?" It wasn't like we expected CBS to sign us. It was fun to do it just because it seemed so ridiculous for Savage

soon as the band gets back from Europe; it's the least we can do. Touring, jeeze; if you want to be a popular band you have to tour, on the other hand its not like a very good life style; it's really wearing. It just seems like there has to be a better way, maybe live video tapes.. ha.

**ID:** (Somehow we ended up talking about bands) Blabla-bla.

**Ethan:** Who's around now? There's **Sonic Youth**, **The Butthole Surfers**, **Scratch Acid**, **Pussy Galore**,...

**ID:** You think you fit into that group?



Photo by Kirk

**Republic** to play the New Music Seminar. We did actually get a lot of reaction to it, so it was worth doing it. We had to play ten shows to make up for it here, though; to go to New York.

**ID:** Where else are they going to play in Europe?

**Ethan:** Germany, England,...I think they'll play a few eastern block countries, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland... Greece is going to be a real hot spot for us; we did those **Mikis Theodorakis** covers. That's basically the reason we're going to play in Europe: just to play in Greece. Then up to France. I think they're gonna hire a driver there who knows all the roads in Europe and stuff. We're gonna have a record out as

**Ethan:** Well, we always get dragged into that crowd of people. We definitely fit along with the **Butthole Surfers**, and in some sense **Sonic Youth**, because we have the same background of using differently tuned guitars. Unfortunately they became more popular than us, before we became popular. So, everyone assumes that we're copying them. **Big Black:** we do stuff in common with them.

**ID:** Steve Albini just formed a band with two members of **Scratch Acid**.

**Ethan:** Isn't that an obnoxious name that he has some ludicrous justification of; he calls his band **Rapeman** and he says, "Oh, but it's the name of a Japanese car-



toon character, it's o.k." Steve Albini is just so obnoxious. I don't know really; I just talked to him once. You know he wanted to call his last record "Nigger," the one he finally called "Songs About Fucking." Rough Trade said we won't carry that record by that name, and so he said, "well, too bad--then you won't carry it," and then changed it... a little bit better. I don't know, Steve Albini--I hear so many stories about him I just wonder.

cent of the lyrics, and Bruce wrote some and Robert wrote some. On this record it's more in the tradition of the old band, where whoever wrote the music basically sang it. Phil wrote "Happy Day" and "So It Was Written." I wrote "Spice Fields." "Spice Fields" is actually older, because it's on the live record. I wrote this big thing for "Lethal Must" and Bruce just picked out parts of it.

Photo by Joy



I think he probably circulated most of the stories himself; he comes from the land of gangsters you know--ha!

**ID:** You mentioned video earlier?

**Ethan:** Yeah, we've been video-taping most of the shows around LA and we taped our shows in SF. We didn't get Gilman Street (in Berkeley). Gilman Street was probably our best show ever. The only problem is the sound's always really bad, no matter what you do. (They already have a video tape out...ED).

**ID:** What you sing about: how do you get your themes?

**Ethan:** Well, "Ceremonial" we had a big fight about. It was all instrumental until about three weeks before we were done recording the record, and it probably should have been left instrumental. I wrote about thirty per-

**ID:** What made you do "Viva La Rock n' Roll?"

**Ethan:** Bruce has this huge record collection, he had the record out and we thought this would be really cool to do a cover of.

**ID:** What other covers have you done?

**Ethan:** We did two **Theodorakis** covers for the "Z" soundtrack. We don't do that many covers. (Ethan starts talking about why doing covers can be bad). I think doing the **Alternative TV** song had some justification, because it was pretty obscure and that really came from the same era as our roots. Yet the way we orchestrated the song was a lot more in the style of the new record. So, I think the song pretty much stands up by itself. It's a lot different than the original too.



**ID:** You put out a limited edition of that, with the engraved side.

**Ethan:** Yeah, Bruce did that on Independent Project Records. Bruce did the engraving, and it was basically his project. The main idea behind that was that it looked like it was going to be a long time to get the album out, so we just wanted to get something out.

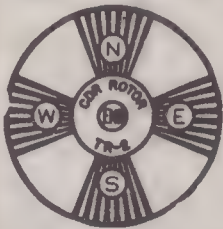
**ID:** That was a benefit record?

**Ethan:** Yeah. Bruce was thinking of putting out the single anyway. Then we did our first show with the reformed band in February at Lectisternium, for this Big Mountain benefit. Bruce was thinking about doing it and the last thing that really made him print the records was he decided to give some more money to the benefit. They're almost gone. There are like twenty copies left. The whole idea was to cash in on this obscure record idea. Bruce has always been into making records that look like works of art, and would stand by themselves. You'd never have to listen to the record for it to be worthwhile. So, he did this limited

edition, 700 copies, and when they're gone, they're gone. On the other hand we put the song on the record, so it's not like you can't hear the song. I don't think it's a good idea for people to put out a thousand copies of a record, and then never make them available. My friend Ben in Soviet France, he has all these things that, for one reason or another, they end up selling for a lot of money out here, but he has every record he ever put out available. You can write to him and get everything from him. He doesn't believe in limited edition records.

**ID:** Who's the band that made that porcelain tape?

**Ethan:** That's Soviet France. I went to his house and I saw like a hundred porcelain holders that hadn't been glazed yet. He's got all this building material for all the different records on his bookshelf. I think if there is an audience for it you should keep doing it. Aside from just ego there's no reason not to do it. I'm really into the American Capitalist system (he laughs). If there's demand you should supply it, instead of being real stuck up. ■



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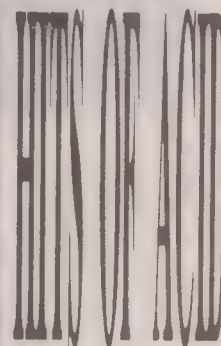
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**No Means No photos by Thomas**



# NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO

Canada has produced some of the finest punk bands in the world. No Means No are no exception, so we thought we had better catch them as they blazed a trail From Victoria to L.A.. Their blistering assault is damn tight due to the incorporation of sophisticated jazz structures. The latest album once again proves there's no stopping these Canadian lads. So, when the smoke clears and their van pulls up in your town you'll know what to do. Until then their records are widely available on Alternative Tentacles.

Present and accounted for were Rob, in charge of

of four days, all really good shows. That was the best time we had here.

**ID:** Do you like the smaller shows?

**Andy:** Yeah, we played Fender's a couple of times and it was just a big rock show kind of thing. It wasn't very good. We played with D.O.A. and there weren't many people there.

**Rob:** The first time we came down here we opened on a six band bill of the Adolescents reunion show at Fender's Ballroom. We started the evening with a crowd of twenty puzzled skinheads. (laughter)



the bass, and Andy, in charge of the guitar. Missing in action was, head of drum kit security, John. NoMeans-No were interviewed outside that famous Hollywood night spot the Anti-Club, on an unusually cold summer's eve, by Thomas and Joy.

**ID:** So, is this your second time out here?

**Rob:** Our fourth, actually.

**ID:** You played at the Lingerie?

**Rob:** Unfortunately, yeah. One time we came and played Al's Bar, the Anti-Club and Raji's in the space

**ID:** That's the way you like to keep them, huh?

**Andy:** Yeah, right?

**Rob:** I don't think skinheads usually get upset at us, they just kind of scratch their domes and walk away.

**ID:** So, do you live in San Francisco now?

**Both:** Oh, no! (laughter)

**ID:** That's a rumor we heard.

**Andy:** We live in Victoria, B.C., not Vancouver. That's home base for all of us. No reason to live anywhere else. It's a small place. Nothing much happens there, which is good.

# NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO



## NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO

**Rob:** In big cities you get lost, especially if you're in a band. I pity a band that has to start in L.A. or Vancouver, or San Francisco, or New York.

**ID:** So, you're probably the biggest band in your city.

**Andy:** Yeah.

**Rob:** Well...

**Andy:** It's a toss-up...

**Rob:** ...Between us and the Day Glo Abortions, who are also from Victoria.

**Andy:** Are you familiar with the Day Glo Abortions at all?

an aversion to massive sun while the rest of the crew with us, myself included, tend to like lots of sun. So, he's only partially right when he said "we all."

**ID:** Do you like touring?

**Andy:** It has its advantages. You get to see different cities and meet lots of people. That's the best part, actually. The travelling is fun, but a lot of the times it just seems like work. The best thing is going back to a city when you actually know people and get to spend some time with them.

**ID:** The song "Dad" on the "Sex Mad" LP, was that



**ID:** Oh, yeah.

**Andy:** It's hard to defend the Day Glo Abortions existence, so let's just say that I've had fun at their shows over the years.

**ID:** Are you comfortable in this type of weather?

**Rob:** It's great now! Just like home! Rainy and cold. It's really bad when it's hot down here. We're not used to that at all.

**ID:** This is about as cold as it gets (50 degrees).

**Rob:** We kind of lucked out. That's good.

**Andy:** He lucked out. The two Wright brothers have

anyone's personal experience?

**Rob:** Probably many peoples' experience, but none of ours, thank God.

**ID:** What about the title track of the new record?

**Rob:** "The Day Everything Became Nothing"? My brother (John, drums) wrote that.

**ID:** So, has that day come? Or is it in the future?

**Rob:** Happens everyday of our tour! I don't know how to explain these songs. Basically, they are taking a skewed and undersided look at peoples' lives. That's the thing that has inspired me to write songs so that's

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**NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO**  
what I write songs about. "The Day Everything Became Nothing" was just a jam that we worked some poem to and it managed to fit together.

**Andy:** It's just talking about how people worry about the end of the world, but most people waste everyday that they have, anyway. So, if they got blown up tomorrow or next week or next year it wouldn't make much difference anyway, because they're not doing anything right now! Peoples' worlds are their own personal experiences. You don't need a major cataclysm to have that come to an end. It happens all the time. People wander around dead on their asses. You see a lot of them in L.A., San Francisco, Vancouver, Victoria, everywhere.

**Rob:** We don't write political songs, like what's happening in Nicaragua or world destruction. Not that that's not valid, some people do that very well. It just doesn't occur to me to write those types of songs. Our songs usually come from personal experiences about somebody, usually taking a very personal viewpoint. People individually are not about "in" crowds. That's not always true. I think when we tend to generalize less and particularize more, the songs are better. They're more effective, more emotional and real.

**ID:** It seems you've taken more a spoken word type of an approach?

**Rob:** Yeah, the song was taken from a poem and added onto a jam.

**Andy:** It sounds more like a **Beefheart** song. A lot of

the songs have come out of the writing and they don't have tunes unless you find them as you go along, so more of our songs are a spoken kind of thing.

**Rob:** We change, too. It will probably sound different tonight than what it sounded like in recording, after we've played it for two or three months.

**ID:** Do you practice a lot?

**Andy:** A couple of hours a week...

**Rob:** ...When we are there, but we've been busy. We did this two week thing just to show our faces when the record came out, because we are going to Europe on May 7th. We'll be there for two months. When we come back we'll have about a week off before we've gotta go to New York for a new music festival.

**Andy:** It's a large sort of sleazy underground...

**Rob:** Semi-corporate underground...

**Andy:** ...Music business thing.

**Rob:** A lot of nice people, a lot of people going, "Hey Andy, here's my card."

**Andy:** I've got to meet some of those.

**ID:** How did you get into that?

**Rob:** I don't know.

**Andy:** We've got a manager named Laurie Mercer who does our business, and we're very lucky to have her, because if not we'd probably still be in Victoria. Can we afford the ferry? That's the great thing about Victoria---to get in you have to pay \$40. It keeps a lot of people out.

**ID:** Do you have jobs?



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**Both:** We did.

**Andy:** Not because the band can actually support us but because UIC, Unemployment Insurance of the federal government of Canada, can support us. I worked in a paint store, Rob worked washing pots at the University, making a fair bit of money.

**ID:** You could make money washing pots?

**Rob:** Oh, yeah. Boy, that job was cushy, and I was able to get the four months off in the summer. I got a four months leave of absence and went touring with the band, and pretended I was a rock star in the summer. Then I went back to washing dishes to make a living in the winter, but it got to the point where we had to be touring all the time or doing something, so I quit. I'm on UIC, which runs out in August. Then I'll be looking for something.

**ID:** So, your double life is as a dishwasher.

**Rob:** I'll probably have to quit the band and start working until we get our UIC back. It's very difficult in this kind of music, because you don't make any money. At the same time it makes the same demands as any other enterprise so it's kind of dicey at the moment. Hopefully we may get to the point where we can pay our food bills without having to tour twelve months of the year, but that's yet to be seen.

**Andy:** It would just be nice if we could come back from the tour and, say we had two months off, and all of us could afford a place to live and something to eat. Of

course now I go back and it's like I have no money. I have no desire to go back to the paint store. I'm sick and tired of doing it.

**Rob:** I want to go back to the college if I can get it. It was a really great job. Totally mindless. Good pay. My own sort of corner of the room to wash them pots.

**Andy:** That's the one thing about Victoria, you go back there and it does put a great perspective on things. You go on tour and all these people go, "Oh, man you're great." You see all these people and go all these nice places and come back to Victoria and it's like, "Oh, Andy how's it going," or "Back before you left I lent you five bucks." Everything becomes very real and normal again. (laughter).

**ID:** Who wrote "Sex Mad"?

**Rob:** My brother, the drummer. In a fit of hormonal secretion he wrote that song. With John, a lot of times the songs will be very complex. He usually writes, at least, the music to those songs. He's a keyboard player. I tend to write the real long 70's anthems. Andy writes the sort of quirky, but yet sinister... (he laughs). Actually, these last few weeks we've been writing a lot of songs together, which is really unusual.

**ID:** How does that work?

**Rob:** Well, we have a sort of a new concept, which is writing songs that are only about three and a half minutes long. It's kind of a new idea for us. On the album that is going to come out in September, which is

NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO



## NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO

already recorded, is a song called "Small Pox, Isolate and Destroy" that's a long one, and there's one song called "Relay," which was a ten minute song. We fed it out so it was only 9:59, so we didn't have to confess to people that we had written a ten-minute song.

**Andy:** The album next year will hopefully be a collection of very very short songs, which is totally anti what we've done up until now.

With titles like "Get Morbid."

**Rob:** There's seven songs per side instead of four this time.

**Andy:** They didn't make a deal with K-Tel either.

**ID:** How did you get on Alternative Tentacles?

**Rob:** Well, we came down here the summer before last, on our three month "Starve In America" tour. They took us in and fed us spaghetti---Debbie Gordon, who manages **Sister Double Happiness** and runs A.T. as an administrator, then Ruth Schwartz of Mordam Records. They came down to see us. Leslie does the T-shirts and is a friend of our roadie, she came down. We played the Disk Club to about twenty people. Jello came down at one point.

They just treated us really nice, and seemed to like the band. So they said, "Can we do your record?" We were getting feelers from people like Relativity... "Yeah, yeah, let's do five records. We really like the album." "Yeah, what songs do you like?" "Ah, I don't remember, but...

We'll do five records. Five records. Five Records."

**Andy:** It was great. We managed to be on Alternative and get a one record deal, with people we know on a personal level.

**Rob:** Real people in other words. It's not a question of signing with a label so much as signing with the people.

**Andy:** They're the people that are going to put out our records. It's a very casual friendly relationship, which I hope we keep having. I keep hearing stories from everyone about their record companies. No matter who they are, whether alternative or major.

**Rob:** Because everyone is trying to make it, you see.

**ID:** What are you trying to do?

**Andy:** We're just trying to play our music. We write songs and play instruments and that's our dream. It would be a real drag if we stopped touring or no one put out our records. If Alternative Tentacles disappeared in an earthquake, which could happen to this band, I guess we'd be back to square one. I guess we'd



have to find some money and put out our own record in Victoria. If the band decided to break up I guess I'd go back, not to the paint store (laughter). We'd get a band together and do something.

**Rob:** We're kind of throwbacks. We, Andy in particular, started right in Victoria back in the late seventies, and it was all a very community-oriented burst of

## NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO MEANS NO



energy, i.e. punk rock or whatever it was. And a lot of people got together and started playing music for no particular reason other than they liked it, and the people around them liked it, and they had hall gigs and stuff. Of course that's all gone. It's not like that anymore at all. And sometimes you do wonder why you keep doing it, because all the reasons that made it really really fun are pretty well exhausted but... It's true we played this show in Vancouver, the **No Means No Clones the Ramones Shows**, the second one we've done. John gets up from behind the drum set and sings, we get a friend of ours to drum, and we do the first three sides of the first **Ramones** albums in consecutive order, plus seven or eight encores or something. But I saw that everyone packed against the stage, everyone was having fun. Most people were singing along with the songs. No one was out to seriously trash one another. They were just basically jumping up and down and being squished. It was an entirely fun gig. I thought, "Oh fuck, I remember this. It was fun years ago. Oh yeah, I forgot about that." I guess you were just meant to lose perspective on things.

**ID:** I heard that at the MRR Gilman St. they had a **Ramones Night**, with bands doing **Ramones** covers.

**Rob:** I wish. There's this band called the **Ramonas** (an all girl band that does **Ramones** covers). We want to do a **Buzzcocks** band too, and our **Elvis Costello** band, but that will come in time.

**Andy:** We'll do the entire "Singles Going Steady" record in order.

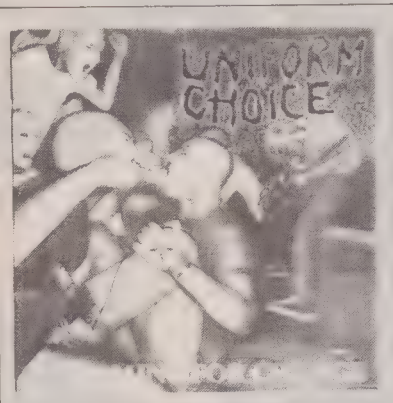
**Rob:** There's a band in Vancouver that does all **Buzzcocks**. I don't know how fun can get back into alternative music anymore. I think basically the biggest problem with punk and everything is that it just began to take itself far too seriously. "Oh, this is important." Or just treat itself as a complete joke which is just the opposite. It seems to me it started out as a lot of fun, and a way to pass the time and be a little different. Instead of being like a fucking asshole.

**Andy:** We're in this band and we'll keep making songs, and we'll keep playing them. I think we do a pretty good job, and people like us. So, if that keeps happening...it beats being a dentist.

**Rob:** I don't know, dentists make a lot of money.

**ID:** But you're sticking your hands in other peoples mouths.

**Andy:** That's true. Be a lawyer. Stick it in their pocket books... ■



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Hated, maligned, outspoken, idiotic, misunderstood, genius, are but a few terms that are used to describe the Angry Samoans and their 10 year reign over the Los Angeles Punk wasteland.

How has a band that is on the constant verge of self-destruction, where no two members live closer than 60 miles to one another, and the very thought of posing for a group photo is met with mutual "not if he's going to be in it," been able to survive, not just creatively, but physically? Is it love of all humanity, (including the rock and roll biz) or possibly the need to suffer that's been the main catalyst for the Angry Samoans? These and other burning questions brought Thomas and Steve out to the sleepy seaport village of Long Beach, late one Sunday night. Answering these and other life affirming questions were Gregg Turner Phd., and (Metal) Mike Saunders SPA.

# The ANGRY SAMOANS

ID: Are you still writing for Creem?  
GREGG: No. They owe me a substantial amount



Photo by Thomas



of money. So, if they don't pay me soon I'm going to initiate a lawsuit. I'm not one isolated person they owe a ton of money to. They're losing a lot of the their writers. ID: Really. It seems that Creem would be a magazine that would pay. If any magazine pays.

GREGG: Oh, they used to. I've written for them for twelve years and up until last year they pay very well. I mean, regularly too. You could at least depend on the check within two months after you sent in the copy. Then it started lagging since this new publisher took over. His priorities as far as paying off writers is tenuous at best.

# MOANS

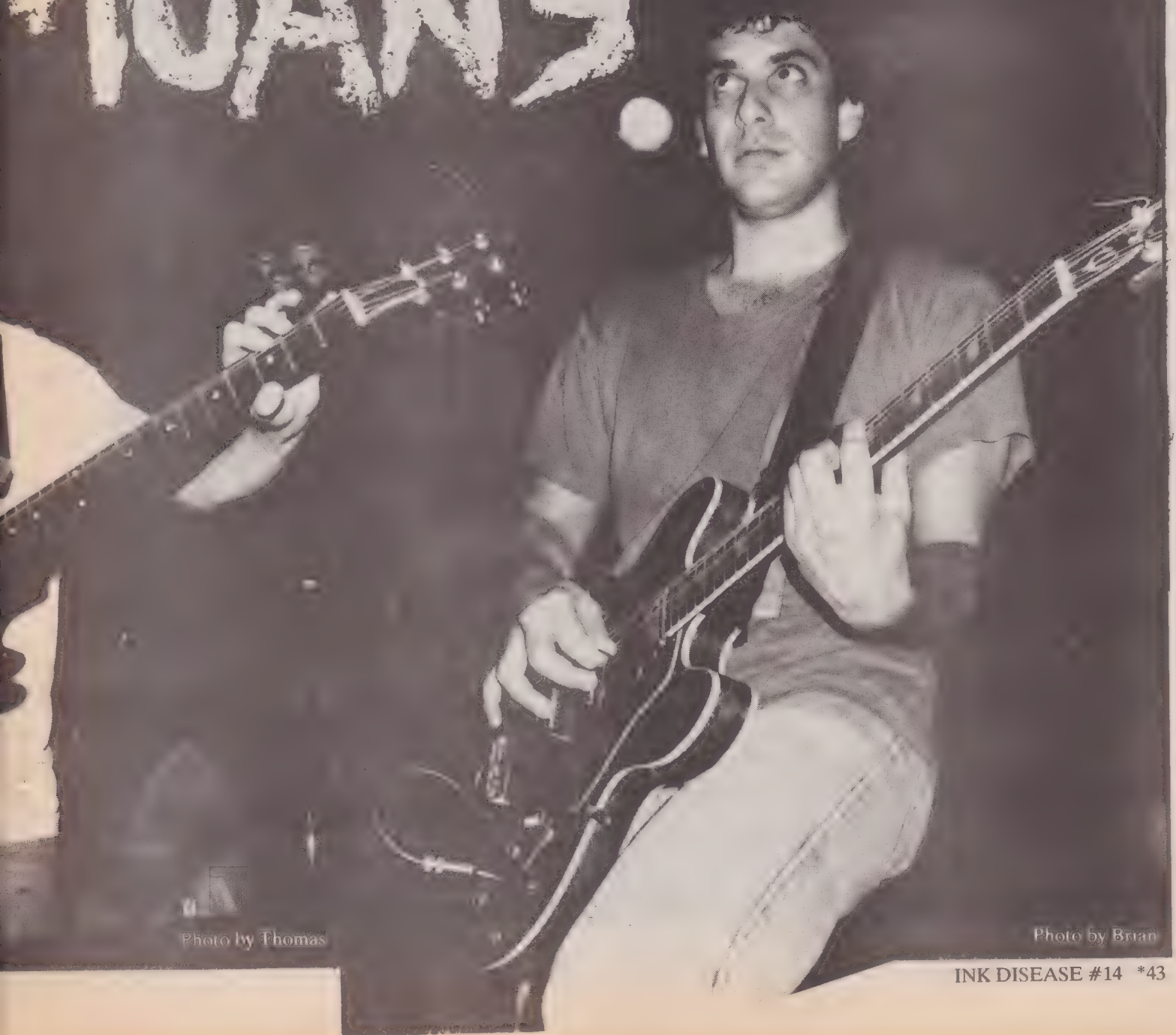


Photo by Thomas

Photo by Brian



ID: I was reading *Spin Magazine*, and they had "famous miss quotes of all times," and they had a quote of yours about Iggy Pop's record.

GREGG: Oh, right. They were running that except from "Lust For Life." That was the first *Cream* review I did, I think — in '75 or was it (seventy) six.

ID: Are you still proud of that review?

GREGG: Yeah, I can't listen to that record; I'm not an Iggy fan. I was always a Stooges fan more than I was an Iggy fan. I sort of like some of the things he's done, but always thought his band behind him was cooler than he was, perse.

ID: I gather you haven't seen Iggy in a couple of years.

GREGG: In fact the last time I saw him was live with the Stooges, back in '72 at the Whisky. They played there for two weeks.

ID: Let's talk about The Angry Samoans. You guys don't seem to play too much, what's going on with the band currently?

GREGG: We just finished a twelve song L.P., which we sent to a record company. That should be out by the beginning or middle of May.

ID: Is that going to be on Jem?

GREGG: PVC. The tentative title is "STP Not LSD," and it took us about five months to finish it. Not that every minute we were fine tuning it, it was just that it was over a protracted period of time to just do final mixes and make adjustments. We did the whole thing for about five grand.

ID: That's about seven and a half years under your average.

GREGG: Really, considering our track record. The only other L.P. we have is, "Back from Samoa," and that only took two and a half years to finish.

ID: That's pretty quick.

GREGG: Yeah, so we're learning.

ID: The fact that you guys have been around so long, is it because you get along so well that keeps you together?

GREGG: You're baiting me by asking me that question. Well, sort of. Toddy, Micheal, and I are the creative triumvirate of the band. Usually it's bad enough when you have two people locking horns, who create the ideas. Three is just one more personality factored in, throw another desperate element in the stew. And as you'd expect, not often it works well. I mean, creatively, somehow in the end, it works very well. I think Todd, Mike, and I have different stratospheres that we're operating on, and somehow the amalgam of the whole thing comes out pretty different, (but) at the same time blends some sort of common denominator — you might call it a vision of Angry Samoans whatever that is.

ID: It wouldn't be the same band without that tension going?

GREGG: I suppose. Certainly it would be a lot more life affirming. You know, I'm losing years off my life after sixty by dealing with this sometimes.

ID: Does Mike live in...

GREGG: He lives in Oakland. Actually Hayward, he works in Oakland. Which is another reason why it makes life difficult, because constantly you have to fly him down.

ID: It seems like it is very, very difficult.

GREGG: It's really horrible. There's no way this should have continued to go on. When he flew up to the bay area six years ago we should have just thrown in the towel or continue without him. We had Jeff Dahl for a while, of Vox Pop, now of Powertrip. He was okay, he just wasn't the same idea we had in mind. So, the temptation was, "Well, if we don't play too Frequently throughout the year maybe we could deal with it. That's sort of the way it's been working. I teach out at Pitzer College, and am finishing my degree at the graduate school, and I don't have time to pursue this on a full time level by any means. It just would be suicidal.

ID: So, you're not looking forward to a world tour?

GREGG: Never. To us playing eight shows in two weeks is a world tour. We come back as exhausted as, probably, Van Halen does after they play 18 consecutive months.

ID: What happens when this new record comes out and you guys are as big as Smitherens?

GREGG: Well, if that's the case we'll worry about it then. We'll deal with that reality should it be presented to us on a platter, otherwise we'll sort of have contingency plans for assuming that the status quo is going to play itself out. (I'm) not going to lose any sleep... PVC is a very peculiar record company.

ID: They are.

GREGG: The promo guy, Howard Wolfsten was a friend. He does a good job, because he's a fan also, but it sort of works its way back and forth between the promo people out here, the service radio station, and the hierarchy in the company. Now that they are owned by Enigma it's a real question mark as to exactly what's going on, and how they are going to deal with things. You know, these things are very volatile. Again, I try not to lose any sleep worrying about them.

ID: So, you don't have nightmares about the Angry Samoans getting records out or touring?

GREGG: I have nightmares about not finishing my degree. I have nightmares of this interfering with that. I have nightmares that this has interfered with that, and I shouldn't have let it, and it still always does. You want to hear nightmares, when we came back from the East Coast last trip I got stuck in an elevator, at this Ramada Inn in Atlanta, with legionnaires. I mean, my first taste of southern redneck legionnaires, like fifty year olds with little flags in their head, and I got stuck in an elevator with twenty of them. (I was) pressed against the wall, and I'm like hyper-ventilating on the precipice of a massive panic seizure. If the mouth of hell opened up, and Satan beckoned me down, I would probably at that moment in time figure it couldn't be much worse.



**ID:** Legionnaires disease.

**GREGG:** I was hoping for that too. I ran up to my hotel room deadbolted the bolts twice and cried for about two hours. We flew back to L.A. the next morning and I had to teach two calculus classes the next day. That was my vacation back East. Very gross.

wasn't like the cracks in the street opening up and a lower strata of sublife coming to mobilize to come see you, which is normally the case. It was one of the best shows we've ever done. That was so reaffirming doing this that I thought, "this is great," then after that it just went down hill quick.



Photo by Brian

**ID:** All for the memories or something.

**GREGG:** Not to sound overly grim, the very first show we did on the trip last summer was at a club called Maxwells, in Hoboken. It's an interesting club, and the people who showed weren't punks. They were either New Music Seminar people or indigenous Hoboken people, and it was really high energy normaloid looking people. You couldn't focus on why all of a sudden it

are incessant talkers, which normally I don't care too much about so long as they're not too disruptive. I gave them a quiz every week which they failed. As I passed them back I was as patronizing as I could and said, "If some people study for their little quizzes they might pass their exams." They growled, "We will get back at you." I said "yeah, sure. If you pass your next quiz that will show me." So, two lectures later, during the break

**ID:** Is there any pleasure to be found on the road?

**GREGG:** I look on that show as more of an accident than one of our normal show.

**ID:** It must be a strange reality knowing that your going to be teaching a calculus class the next day?

**GREGG:** Well, I should say this, the strange reality is not in teaching the calculus class, but teaching a calculus class to liberal arts students.

**ID:** Have you seen "Stand and Deliver"?

**GREGG:** I want to. I saw the one excerpt where they are all up in line in the front of the class and he asks, "Homeboy, what's the domain of natural log of x-1?" After that I had to see that movie. I was going to see if there was any budget in my department to take my students.

**ID:** Do you ever get students who know who you are?

**GREGG:** One time I was teaching this class that was a six to eight hour lecture with a 20 minute break in the middle, and that's death. Either people haven't eaten, they're starving, and they want to leave or they're full and they're sleepy. Either way you lose. So, there are these girls in the back who



they come up to my desk. There are these eight business women taking the class, who are about fifty years old, and couldn't have been any straighter. They're sitting at their desks when these girls come up to me with these grins from ear to ear. I knew something was wrong because these girls are never happy in class. I said "what's your problem?" "We know what your about!" I go "what do you mean, 'You know what I'm about.' What are you talking about?" "We got your number. 'They Saved Hitler's Cock,' you're not fooling anyone." I turned white and I wanted to crawl into the ground. These business women are going, "What?" This girl goes, "Hitler's Cock, Hitler's Cock, Hitler's Cock." The worst thing was trying to explain to these women that it's just a song title, it's not what you think. They're thinking, "Hitler's Cock? Something strange must be going on in this classroom."

ID: There are other people that are in bands that are in class rooms.

GREGG: Phil Alvin has a masters degree and Chris D. was an English teacher. Our singer Mike is the head accountant at a six hundred bed hospital. I think he lives double identity worse than me. If they had any idea that he was in a band called the Fried Abortions for six months he could just forget it, he'd be history. The hospital is run by Catholic nuns.

ID: The Angry Samoans are the best educated band since Queen and the Talking Heads.

GREGG: I guess, but I'm not proud of it. It's very sad. If I knew what I'd have to do when I got my masters degree, I never would have continued. A masters degree isn't too bad, but a Ph D is misery. What do they say, "Piled Higher and Deeper."

ID: How does doing your dissertation compare with putting out "Back From Samoa?"

GREGG: Well, I guess they complement each other nicely. They are both as frustrating. "Back From Samoa" was a real mix up. It was just too many different phases of the band going on at once. What came out on record was from over too long a period of time. It wasn't one concerted effort. It was spread around five recording studios, Faulty was distributing it, and when they went belly up they wound up owing us 30 something thousand dollars. Mike went in the hole horribly. He's still owed a lot of money. We're still slowly trying to get back in the black.

ID: Do you feel like you proved anything with that record?

GREGG: A lot of it was thinking that hardcore was fun way back when once upon a time, and it wasn't as much as a stupid anachronism of itself as it is now. There was a purpose to it. It was our version of what we saw going on around us. We weren't trying to assimilate. We were trying to say, this is the rules of the game, this is

how we play it. For instance, there was a lot of gay baiting going on, so we did a song call "Homosexual" and we thought no one's going to even think this is falling in line with all the other idiots, we'll credit it to J. Falwell. In addition I sent a copy of the record to the Moral Majority hoping he'd sue us. I figured the Rodney incident was great, we're going to get good publicity out of this guy. He never responded. We also sent a copy to Tipper Gore, no response.

ID: Did you really send a copy of the record to the king of Samoa?

GREGG: Yeah, first he wanted us to fly over to the is-

Photo by Brian



land, then he had second thoughts when he listened to the record.

ID: I've always considered the Angry Samoans the archetypal punk band, but I think your music transcends time.

GREGG: The problem is that Mike and I are old punk rock 60's fans, 70's, Blue Oyster Cult, Stooges, MC5, Dictators, Ramones, Sex Pistols fans. So, the problem is we're too eclectic in what we like. We date as writers also. We grab for every 45 in sight. Anything that seems worth factoring into any equation that works is fair game, where as most people who have a band are



probably a little more monolithic on what they do and don't like. This new record where doing is like real hardcore 1969. This one song, for instance, sounds like "Paranoid" meets the S.R.C.. There's one song that might seem like Johnny Cash. There's one that might seem like the Everly Brothers meet the Count Five. It's things that we always liked that we finally now have the freedom to do what we want, without having to worry too much whether people like us or not. When you don't depend on a band to survive, you predicate the rules for which aesthetically you're going to do what you want to do.

ID: Have you ever depended on the band to survive?

GREGG: If we did we'd be sad people (laughing). I have a lot of friends who've been in bands since the 70's and they were always tied to this romantic idea, living this bohemian existence, "oh, I'm living in a loft in downtown L.A." There is nothing bohemian or romantic about spending your time at County U.S.C. hospital waiting nine hours to get prescribed an antibiotic because you can't afford medical insurance. I'm not saying they're assholes because of that. It's just (that) to me, I don't see anything fun about it. It especially seems scary as you get older. I'll be 33 in two months, it starts getting frightening. You start wanting to be a little more autonomous financially, and if you're depending on music to do it, forget it.

ID: Do you see yourself being an Angry Samoan when your 40 years old?

GREGG: I couldn't when I started this band with Mike in 1977 and I was 22 years old. I probably swore that it wouldn't happen when I was 28 or 29. I'm scared to death to offer any predictions. Scared to death, not that it'll be wrong, scared to death it might actually prove true. That will be a real horrible thought.

ID: What do various band members' parents think about the band still going?

GREGG: Mother Saunders is in Little Rock, and she flew to see us in Atlanta. When I was in Vom, with Meltzer, my father came to see us at the Whisky. He was pogoing and Meltzer tossed out this bag of cooked spaghetti and it landed on his head. My mom pulled him aside, "You really have to gain rapport with your son in a really strange way, don't you. You really have to digress and act like a kid again." He even came to see us when we played Camarillo mental institution. These people in white jackets formed a circle and danced counter-clockwise. It was really great. Parents always look at this kind of thing as a curiosity, at best, unless you want to make it your vocation. They think the band is a great thing as a side project. I'm probably a product of their belief system more than I want to admit. Your first concern is being self-supportive. I'm not talking about owning a Fiat. It's just a matter of not feeling like a subhuman day to day. Being able to feed my dog is an important financial concern.

ID: What do you think of the current state of Music?

GREGG: It sucks. It's shit! I hate most rock and roll bands. I think Meltzer put it best when he said, "most rock and roll bands are very corporate dog food." It's generic dog food at that. It's not even Kal-Kan. It's just the lowest form of shit that's being thrown down peoples' throats. What's even sadder, is this generation of kids growing up listening to this are the most pathetic grim, gray bunch of people in the world.

ID: What would be an example of the worst?

GREGG: You have obvious stuff like Bon Jovi that's so bad that you don't want to say that they're bad because you're lowering yourself down to some level. Even commenting on what kind of retrograde swill that is is giving them too much credit for existing, so you don't. To me, it's not so much the music, there's nothing really different in rock that's happening. It goes in phases. People get bored of punk and then folk rock is big for two years and they get bored of that and they go to heavy metal. It's a cultural fallout. The message that's being preached is conformity. That, to me, is what's sick. Heavy metal hasn't changed in X years. "Here's our uniform, we're all dressing up in the same way. We're all Bozo in some different post-shapen form. This is the way you should be if you want to be accepted, if you want to assimilate." Punks are no different. The performer that I really like is Koogie.

ID: Who's that?

GREGG: My dad. Mike and I are officially the Sons of Mellencamp. We have our Simon and Garfunkel alter-egos. We've recorded something that might come out soon. We have a song called "Raid On the Scarecrow." It's about Jerry Garcia looking for a pound of marijuana that he can never find. I really thought "Scarecrow" was a great record. It's not that I'm so elitist, that if anybody sells over X-thousand copies they've gotta suck. I think that Mellencamp had a great sound and a great record. Nothing seems really exciting. The last band that I'd really go out and see was the Alley Cats. Randy and Dianne were really talented people. Their problem was that they played too often. When I think of all the shit that came out of L.A. they were the only thing that had any substance, that was different. I like the Holy Sisters of the Gaga Dada. I think people like Henry Rollins should be put to sleep, and quick. They present a very powerful case for euthanasia.

ID: What do you think about Exene and the Knitters?

GREGG: I was never a big X fan. I liked "Los Angeles." I haven't any axe to grind. It's just that the whole poetry thing took itself way too seriously. It's too sobering. I think Patti Smith is really great.

ID: Do you think your band's lyrics were a reaction to that poetry?

GREGG: Are you trying to say we're anti-intellectual?

ID: Intellectually anti-intellectual.

GREGG: That's really good. I really like that. Absolutely intellectually anti-intellectual. It's smart-



stupid. It's all sort of a prototype of the Dictators and their first record. That was the biggest breath of fresh air, that paved the way aesthetically for the Ramones. It basically was the first heavy metal or loud rock comedy album, and it was funny. It was great comedy put to music, not like the Tubes. It was just dopey. "Who's that boy with a sandwich in his hand," just fucking great stuff. It just seem to lose it... I like the Sex Pistols even though I saw them at Winterland and thought they were fairly atrocious. A lot of the great stuff in the 70's, in the punk scene, like the Masque, Controlters, and the Bags: I loved all that. That was the last gasp of fresh air for the scene. It's just gotten so stratified, and everybody's... It's so trendy. It's always basically one person butt fucking one another... GREGG: Without trying to disseminate this interview with anything haranguing and political, I think this country is at such a desperate crossroads... I spent my X days campaigning for Jesse Jackson... It's really frightening to see the people around Ronald Reagan. If he changes the supreme court substantially, how could that effect people? Civil rights have been thrown back... It's not sour grapes, because they elected someone I think is a maniac. Basically, the media has such a stranglehold over the way people think... I know your going to play this back and it's really going to sound pathetic, "Here this guy is like some sad Jello Biafra," Lately it's really meaning a lot to me... In that sense X and Exene with the Jackson benefits are great. I think the exciting thing about what is going on... is that you have all the right ingredients for people to start getting really upset, then activated. What's happening is that the middle class is disappearing...and if something isn't done to sure the gap, you're either going to have a lot more economic chaos, which translates to the fact that people are really going to be miserable... The more and more I think about it, capitalism is inherently a very decadent exploitative system. I'm not a communist or an anti-capitalist, it's just that inherently with what is built into the system you have people of power and wealth exploiting those that don't. What I was trying to get at, albeit very long winded, where this goes down to music, is that you have record companies in control, where they never used to be, in such a position of power and financial stranglehold artistically that they're sort of dictating who's going to do what. And they love Heavy Metal, because it's a very reactionary music. I mean, it's no coincidence that when you go to a heavy metal show you see a lot of American flags, and you see a lot of right wing prevalent attitude. Basically the message of conformity is not an accident. It's a message like, "Here's where the money is. Keep it this way, because we'll keep making money, and you suckers will keep throwing it at us." And that's what it's about.

GREGG: Anyway, the answer to your question you posed 20 x minutes ago, and if you want to fast forward all this... It's no different than anything else, and why

should it be. Money dictates what is going to happen, and art is no different to a certain degree. It's just sort of sad that there is really no visionaries that feel they can go against the grain. I mean, there are some, but the deck is stacked so they are not going to make the (attempt). Indies, after all, turned out to just be bad farm club, triple A versions of the majors. Indies at first were pitched to some alternative format, record company wise on a smaller level, are just that, some artistic vision that wouldn't be exploited or not fathomable in the major record industry. Well, that's a bunch of bullshit. The horse shit is that they are just exactly like the parent rep. majors, except they do offer on a lower level, and now they are all affiliated, usually, anyway, in terms of distribution. It's one half dozen or the other.

ID: Is PVC included?

GREGG: PVC is part of Enigma, which is distributed by Capital. PVC, it's hard to figure out what they are about, what they think of. They tolerated us, at least.

ID: I guess, the next question is, what's next?

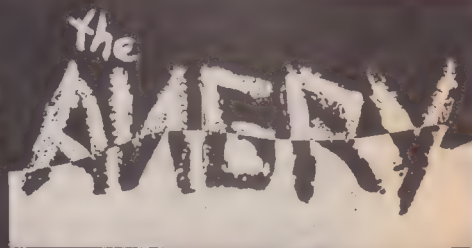
GREGG: If we do another record, we do another record. We take it a few months at a time. I play in this Claremont band, Beyond the Sons of Mellencamp, that have this project called the "Mistaken." We've done a twelve inch e.p. that we

are shopping around to some indies now. It's sort of like some really strange hybrid of the Velvet Underground, The Zombies, and the Everly Brothers. It's really fun. It's nothing that would be viable or ap-

propriate to do in the Samoans, and stuff, asthetically, that I love more than this stuff. This stuff is really getting boring to me, even the stuff we're doing, the new stuff. It's really hard to motivate yourself to put any energy to something that just drives you nuts, and it's dull. So, this thing is fun. And we have a drummer that is straight from Mo Tucker country. If she's keeping a straight rhythm on a floor tom or a snare, she's doing great. She's really cool. She's a real discovery. We do this acoustic, electric stuff that sort of blends weird Neil Young frenetic folk rock... Nothing punk rock at all. That is a million times more fun, even if you play to ten friends. It was like the Samoans the first couple of years. So, I do that with my spare time, once in a while. That's about it.

ID: So, it's peaks and valleys with the Samoans, and this might just be a valley right now.

GREGG: You never know. You can judge tonight. Once in a while we do shows like this and it's fun, but to constantly rehash the same stuff for the same people is just... You feel you are basically falling into the same trap as everyone else. I'm very sensitive to it. Being a writer, I'd be the first person to make fun of anyone else that was doing that. Now I'm being hypocritical.





**MIKE:** You've got to remember that anything Gregg says to you are lies and bullshit, as you know.

**ID:** He was actually saying good things about you.

**MIKE:** In anything he says there's about a ten percent chance it's going to be true. Toddy is pretty good. Toddy will fill you in with whatever you want to know. The only reason I had to rejoin this stupid band is because they did this tape in '81 with Jeff Dahl up in Marin. It was so hideous and so horrible they got depressed and put it in the closet. It was like, well maybe we can finish this record, if you came down and sang. We used backing tracks for the vocals.

**ID:** Did you feel you owe those guys a favor?

**MIKE:** No, I wanted the record out, because I liked the songs. P.J. was always my idol, because I discovered P.J., kind of. Because the Samoans played Camarillo at the looney bin, and P.J.'s band played first, the TMRS. Of course, the world famous Tumors, and everyone else was out shmoozing. I go, "Oh wow, this guy cranks." These guys are playing Black Sabbath doing punk rock. They did the best "Suzie is a Headbanger," ever performed on stage, P.J. and the Tumors. So, my little brother went Psycho and me and P.J. were great. Todd says he was really into P.J. too. The finest guitar

player this band ever had.

**ID:** So, when you do a show like this do you have to fly?

**MIKE:**

Yeah. To drive down, the same thing, it costs money. It's like 700 miles round trip. So, it costs the band maybe \$90.00 bucks, just to play a gig.

**ID:** How long have you been living up North?

**MIKE:** Since 1980. I got out of this hell hole. This smog pit they call L.A. Fuck, yeah. It was a job thing. It was a real good job. People who work in careers down here hope to get a break so they can move up to where life is beautiful.

**ID:** So, you guys are kind of like Van Halen, living in various corners of the world.

**MIKE:** The band was always really spread out. Even like 60 miles, one way or the other, because P.J. was in Ventura, Dr. Know territory. He was driving sixty miles to practice and back.

**ID:** So, if you lived together in the same general vicinity, and actually practiced, there's no way you could keep from murdering each other?

**MIKE:** That's what happened when the band started out. It was so acerbate. Me and my brother being in the same band was just nuts. Especially when we fired his P.A. He blamed us, after he was really responsible.

**ID:** So, what do you think is the secret to the bands longevity?

**MIKE:** Not playing much. Kind of like the Dickies or Red Cross. The less you look at each other the longer you can drag it out.

**ID:** Inactivity is a sign of good health.

**MIKE:** Right. It's hard to think of any bands who did four records you can listen to. It's tough. All those bands are kind of equal though, in that kind of sense that Redd Kross has four records, The Dickies now have got four records. In fact all those bands have two e.p.'s and two l.p.'s. The Dickies, Redd Kross and the Samoans. All did the traditional four records in ten years.

**ID:** So, what do you have to say about your new record?

**MIKE:** You'd have to ask Nugent. If you asked Nugent, he'd say, "The crankingest rockingest ever." It's bullshit, you know.

**ID:** How do you guys ever go on tour with all your jobs?

**MIKE:** We don't. Seven gigs in ten days is about the most we can get off. We didn't even tour this year. It's a lot more human now to go on a vacation, see baseball games, and shmooze with your friends, than go to the east coast. And just be laid back like guys we are. Touring sucks man.

**ID:** So, do you have to be at work tomorrow morning?

**MIKE:** No, I got a day off, since it's opening day in Oakland for the Oakland A's and the Seattle what-doyoucallits (Mariners). So, I'm going to nap for a couple of hours then go to the baseball game.

**ID:** So, basically the band hinges on your schedule?

**MIKE:** No, they play without me, like the Dickies on New Years eve. I had to work New Years day. Being in accounting you always work on New Years. That's one of the rules of accounting, you work on New Years day. It's audit season. I said, "Oh, God. I would like to play with the Dickies, but I had to be at work at Nine a.m."

**ID:** So, what motivates you to come down. Do you find personal pleasure in these shows still?

**MIKE:** I lived in L.A. for five years. For two years before the Canterbury and three years after the Canterbury, if you want to look at it like that way. I was living on Yucca street, 6621. Two blocks from what later became the punk rock headquarters of the world, but I didn't know that. So, I moved back to Arkansas wearing Kiss T-shirts and Aerosmith T-shirts. I was like a heavy metal lunthead, you know. I came back and cut my hair, and there they were, the Germs at the Whisky. What could you do. I was wearing my Ace Freely buttons and and Paul Stanley buttons at the Whisky. I was checking out the bands, going, "I don't know man. This is kind of weird stuff. None of these guys are as good as Ace Freely."

**ID:** Do you still wear your Ace Freely buttons?

**MIKE:** No. I'm kind of out of rock 'n' roll basically.

**ID:** Do you have any side music projects?

**MIKE:** Nothing that's pertinent... The 70's were loud. This is the mellow decade. Who needs that shit. You know, I saw Kiss and Anthrax the other night. What a

**SAMOAANS**



waste of fucking money.

ID: Where was that at?

MIKE: Civic Auditorium, San Francisco. Of course, I went for the hell of it. My friends were going. So, I said, "Hey, why not. How bad can it be?" At least they played "Detroit Rock City" really hard. And Anthrax fucking sucked. The worst band I've ever heard in my life.

ID: Did you get in on Kisses guest list?

MIKE: Oh no, I paid. I've got a job. I paid 18 bucks to see two hours of... They called it music. Paul Stanley

MIKE: That's easy. No band comes close. The Modernettes from Vancouver, Canada.

ID: Why?

MIKE: The greatest live band band that ever lived.

ID: No relationship to the Modettes.

MIKE: No, no, no. The B.C., you know... The Young Canadians, Modernettes, The Pointed Sticks. They're the music that shook the earth: The whole West Coast. L.A., Frisco, and Vancouver. The glory days of... They called it music. D.O.A., Young Canadians, and Modernettes at the Mab., on a Friday night, 1980, October 4th.

Photo by Thomas



looked like he had Aids, man. He was tired. His hair was ratty. He was just kind of standing stock still. Every once and a while he'd get going. Long tour. Long job. Twenty year gig. Poor bastard.

ID: Do you remember the first concert you ever went to?

MIKE: Yeah. Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels. U.A. Little Rock. Like '66 or '67. I was fourteen. Ask me what one of the best bands I've ever saw in my life was.

ID: Okay.

The B-52's played down the street at the Warfield theatre. Not a tough choice.

ID: If you could lock a moment in history...

MIKE: The Modernettes at the Mab. The greatest music ever played. The records are amazing too.

ID: If you could compare them to any other band...?

MIKE: The Monkees meet the Sex Pistols. They broke up real quick. I traded Jeff Bale Fear "(I Love) living in the City" single, straight for the Modernettes fan club Lp. Like L.A. for Vancouver, and I sold out my home town. It was really embarrassing. One of the heavy



trades in vinyl history. 300 copies...

ID: The Modernettes, I've never seen them in a want list before?

MIKE: Their records go for big money in Canada. Well, thirty bucks.

ID: I've seen D.O.A. records.

MIKE: That's easy stuff compared to the 300 copies of the Modernettes fan club l.p. It took me five years to get Bale to cough the fucker up, because he had to find it first in his debris of promos, and every God forsaken thrash band on the earth. He probably kept the Symbol Six record, on Posh Boy. A vinyl nightmare. So, Jeff, "The Modernettes, what do you think." "Well, I'll find it one of these years." "I want it, Jeff."

ID: It's not that they were really a good band, but...

MIKE: No. They were a really good band. The concept was the Sex Pistols meet the Monkees, and they did it.

ID: I always thought the Dickies were pretty close to the Sex Pistols meet the Monkees.

MIKE: Yes, they might be. The Canadians are always so fuckin' stupid and juiced that they are the best. Canucks...

ID: So, do you consider yourself an honorary Canadian?

MIKE: I'm from Arkansas. It's gotta be close. That's about as Canadian as you can get in America. I'm into hockey, as you know. The t-shirts, the bumper stickers. I'm not proud I'm signed to be an American. Well, I don't know. I'm really glad that these other bands like Redd Kross and the Dickies have this same kind of sporadic history, where, "Well, one of these years we'll make a record. Who really gives a fuck." Redd Kross have gotta be the all time "don't give a fuck" band.

ID: And they are still around.

MIKE: They have no drummer, last I heard. They haven't had a drummer since November.

ID: That won't stop them. A drum machine.

MIKE: Rank and File did that. It's been done.

ID: They did that?

MIKE: Yeah, the drum machine from hell.

ID: Big Black.

MIKE: Tony and Chip are still sulking, because they played that big gig on Hollywood Blvd. where it was X, the Alley Cats and the Weirdos comeback, which really stunk. The Dils and D.O.A. with Chucky. Really young D.O.A. trio. The Dils fuckin' stunk, and they are still crying, because no one liked them. They're a great band, they played a bad gig and L.A. shined them forever. In some interview I read they're whining that L.A. rejected them. The Stardust ballroom. I sent in a review to FlipSide and they wouldn't run it. I spent six fuckin' fifty and I have to see these bands. I (used to write for XT) which was a tradition in the valley. Us Valley kids never understood the poetry scene.

ID: What do you think of Exene's new baby?

MIKE: I think she should form a band with Patti

Smith's kid, and read poetry. I don't know.

ID: So, you don't own Knitters records. Well, acoustic's the best. When you're talking big time, you're talking the Beatles, Carter Family, after that everyone is a distance second. The Carter Family and the Beatles that's about it. God's of rock.

ID: What's your favortie Beatles acoustic number?

MIKE: Oh, god. They're all so amazing. The one with "Yes it is. It's ture." That's pretty laid back. "I'll follow the Sun." It's so great to be from L.A. 'cause there's a tradition of loud guitars. We're in the studio, and I'm going, "No, no, no echo. Keep going 'till there's no echo. We want to sound like "Neutron bomb," man, with the exploding guitars. Guitars from hell. Even if it is ten years later, you've gotta try.

ID: So, do you still go out frequently and see bands?

MIKE: I love bands.

ID: ...On a club level?

MIKE: I saw David Lee Roth at the Cow Palace last year. I got my money's worth. He was pretty cool. You know, the drummer is amazing, coolest in contemporary music. The guy is a fucking nut.

ID: (Are they) better than Van Halen.

MIKE: The songs weren't too hot, but "Ain't Talking 'Bout Love" kind of cranked. That was worth 15 bucks I guess. I'm going to see David Lee Roth and Poison. I think Poison are about the last cool rock band, because they're shitty and they don't care.

ID: ...and they're from Pennsylvania.

MIKE: Yeah, they're shitty, and from Pennsylvania. Why should they care? They sold two million records?

ID: ...and they're on Enigma records.

MIKE: Home of T.S.O.L.

ID: Home of the Dickies...

MIKE: I would say as far as rock music goes, listen to the Carter Family. It's way heavier, or buy a Beatles record. I can't believe that L.A. was so cool. The cool punk rock scene of the world. Then ten years later it's heavy metal capital of the universe. Like every fuckin' band is gold... Faster Pussycat's approaching gold. Jesus blow me, man, you know.

ID: What about Guns & Roses?

MIKE: I can't believe, that of all loser bands that ever walked the face of the... Those clowns could go gold, approaching platinum, which will probably become mega platinum as we speak.

ID: The pendulum has swung completely back.

MIKE: To bad music.

ID: Before punk there was metal in L.A., maybe power pop. Will we have a resurgence again?

MIKE: I've got a box full of that shit, every new wave record out of L.A., they're pretty hideous. 20/20 sound pretty fuckin' heavy compared to G & R, I kid you not, and they were kind of laughed out of town. The Plimsouls, they could play, you know, without wanking their wienies every five minutes for a guitar solo.

ID: What was the closest the Angry Samoans ever got



to being a power pop band?

**MIKE:** Oh man, the infamous Sea Girls. It was like we deliberately x'd certain songs. "Oh no, we're punk, we can't play these wimpy new wave songs." It was such a conscious move. Okay, we go and see Fear, and say, "Man, this is it. This is the way the train is heading. Time to start hacking your repertoire with a butcher knife. The train leaving town. If you had to be cool, play with the Crowd."

**ID:** They are actually, back together.

**MIKE:** The best dancer to ever come out of L.A. in a rock band, Jimmy Decker of the Crowd. The great stage dance. The L.A. bands seem to always have a really cool sense of humor. The west coast, Vancouver... None of these bands even dreamed of making a record. When they formed, it was like just playing a gig with Rhino 39 or Fear or somebody was so amazing, that that was the ultimate, if anyone was there or not. Larchmount hall. That's where Fear got their start, with F-Word, I think. Maybe you should give me a call, and just run down what's missing, if there's anything historical, because the present sucks. What can I

say, it really blows the wienie. And sorry Axl, Izzy, just shoot yourself, you know what I mean. Fuckin' David Geffen. I used to like the old days when I was in junior high and all the suburban punk bands, were like, "We're from Arlington Heights, Chicago. We are the Shadows of the Night. We have acne and we play tele's through fenders. You know, fuck you man." Of course that was before rock stars.


**ID:** Did you ever see the Clint Howard band. Ron Howard's little brother, who was in Gentle Ben.

**MIKE:** No. I saw Dereck Hillard and the Volvo Creepers with Holly Vincent on drums. Fuckin' Holly Vincent and the Italians could kick ass on any band in town. Ten years ago they could wipe any band in town off the face of the fuckin' earth, probably, including mine, and they were like nobody.

**ID:** Holly Vincent, didn't she end up in the Waitresses for a while? I've always wondered what happened to Holly.

**MIKE:** I've still got my forty fives.

**ID:** There is always Joan Jett.

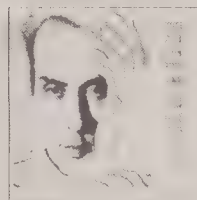
**MIKE:** I think I've gotta play. 

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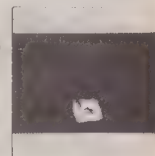
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Andrea "Enthal of KMFK" "...you defies the odds and won't"

Tim "Volcano of Maximum RockRoll" "Intelligent lyrics, very tight and driving."

X "Burns of KUOR" "Send more."

J.A. "Feed of QUAX" "I'm having some real fun listening."

Guy "Face of Media Blitz" "Good original sound, well produced."

Deborah "Exit of EXTT Productions" "HOT SOUND, good energy, good production."

August "Killer of WSRN" "Good stuff."

Kirk "SFTG" "...you guys really rocked."

Karl "Russek of WYRE" "What! Real punchy production, drives home some hot songs."

Ken "Sims of WAIF" "...great LP. Love it & play it a lot."

Jim of Livid Arts "...tough sound..."

Manfred E. "Hater of Contrast" "...angry love songs about the sorry state of the world."

Review of KZSC "BIG YEAR!"

Fred Mills of Option "Noble effort."

Bryan Sale of Sound Choices "Thought provoking forceful thrash...solid, noisy..."

Brady of Ink Disease "Great production...creative...sarcastic, left wing lyrics."

Lucy Lizzard of KRVN "I'm impatiently waiting for more."

Brain of Dreams of Tomorrow "The album's great."

Mark Kordes of Shake "...this is a damn good record."

R@D "...Highly House singing for TSOI."



\*\*\*\*Stiff Little  
Fingers at the  
Variety Arts Center,  
25 Sept 88:  
WOW! SLF toured  
LA again! They  
didn't play New York!  
They didn't play San  
Francisco. They  
didn't play Atlanta,  
Tulsa, Baton Rouge  
or San Antonio. They  
didn't play  
Washington, DC.  
They didn't play Bos-  
ton or Seattle.

VENGEANCE  
REALLY DOES  
TASTE SWEET.---  
Brian

Die Kreuzen, Elliot  
Sharp, The Dwarves  
at Alcohol Salad, ?  
Sept 88: The Dwar-  
ves, from San Francis-  
co, are a loud punk  
rock band who offend  
you and make you  
sick. The ugly singer  
just can't seem to  
keep his pants up. El-  
liot Sharp is an artist.  
At least that's what he  
probably thinks. He's  
another one of those  
"improvisational"  
clowns who makes a  
bunch of racket.  
Whereas I retreated to  
the lower floor after  
just 2 "songs", there  
was still a sizable  
crowd gathered in  
front of Elliot with  
looks on their faces  
like "Wow, what a  
genius", or "This guy  
is brilliant...I think I  
really like this!"  
Bullshit, I say! The  
guy can't play real  
music, and yes I know  
what music is when I  
hear it and this wasn't  
it. I still can't figure  
out why I'm embar-



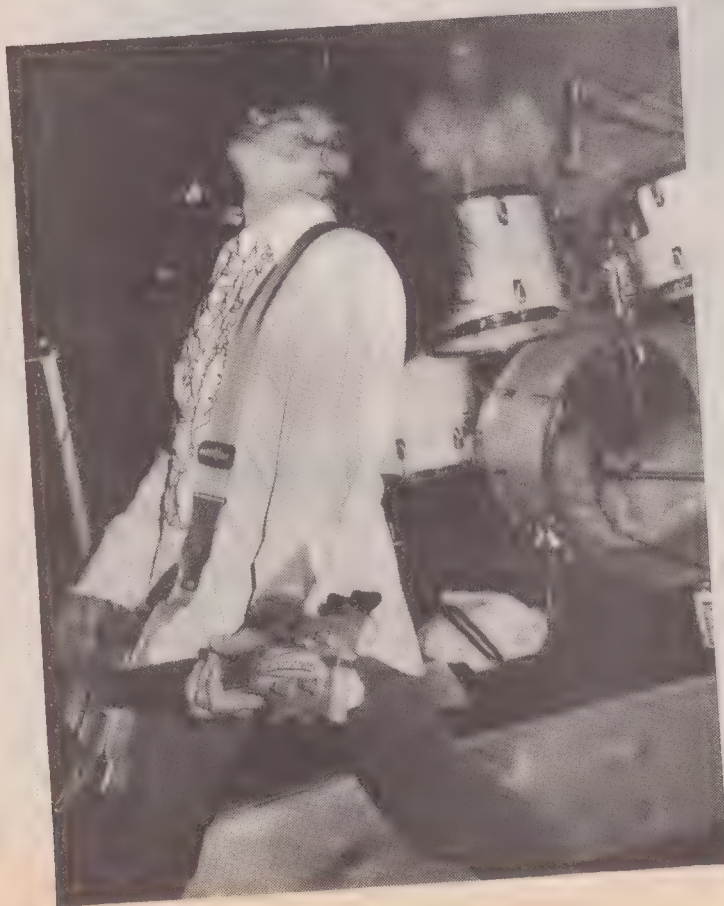
the  
CLUBS IN ACTION







*SNRUB EKAJ-slacov, dael ratiug*



assed that Mike Watt and George Hurley were in this ensemble. I think the 15 people who stayed for **Die Kreuzen** enjoyed the show. I know I did. But I've got to wonder why people in Los Angeles don't like their music enough to see Die Kreuzen once every 2 years when they play here. The majority of their set was from their most recent "Century Days" LP and '85s "October File" album. Like all truly good bands, Die Kreuzen makes good LP material sound even better live. In an intimate live setting, one realizes what truly great musicians they are. One leaves the intimate live setting wishing one could experience such intimate live settings more frequently.---Brian

## City Beat



*Above and to the left: Photos of Die Kreuzen at Alcohol Salad by Thomas  
Opposite page and top left: Photos of Stiff Little Fingers at the Variety Arts Center by JoJ*



# SCREAMING TREES

As their tour came to its final conclusion, I had a chance to kick back with the Screaming Trees prior to their last show with Redd Kross. Hiding out in the prison-like dressing room for "warm up" bands, we discussed some of the Screaming Trees' latest exploits. Having just completed their U.S. tour, the Trees offered their observations of rock'n'roll in the post-punk, independent Continental United States. As we found out, these guys are not a band of wrestlers, but a group of sincere dudes munching on the fruits of American Culture. Scream on.

Antonio, San Francisco.

The Screaming Trees are Mark, Gary, Mark P., and Van.

**ID:** If you are not from Seattle, where are you from?

**GARY:** Ellensburg, it's about a hundred miles from Seattle.

**ID:** But, you mainly play in Seattle?

**MARK:** No, we only played there four times.

**GARY:** We don't play around there, because there's not that many clubs.

**ID:** How did you get on SST?

**VAN:** We sent tapes to them first, then we gave Greg Ginn, from *Black Flag*, a tape. We then put out our first record on Velvetone. We paid for that mostly by ourselves. We then

went on a west coast tour. We played down there in L.A., and we happened to stay with Ray Farrell who is an SST person, too. He really didn't know about us, he just knew Steve Fisk, the guy who produced our first album. Then he came and saw us live, and Greg Sage was there---we know him from the *Wipers*. I think he had a little something to do with it.

**MARK:** They asked us for a live tape, and we recorded

one, and they liked it.

**ID:** Do you feel SST are still helping out smaller bands?

**GARY:** Oh yeah, they're the best alternative label out.

**VAN:** They haven't sold out at all, one bit. They're bigger and more powerful now...

**MARK:** Only because they're willing to take chances. They don't have any set way of doing things. If they're into a band, they'll put it out.

**VAN:** They think it's cool to do your own thing.

**ID:** Are you going to tour more?

**MARK:** This is our sixth week of the tour.

**ID:** Where did you go?

**VAN:** The whole U.S.---the South, East, etc.

**ID:** Do people hate you or love you?

**MARK:** We cleared and packed the house a couple of times.

**GARY:** The rest were in the middle.

**ID:** Where were the best shows?

**GARY:** Fayetteville, Arkansas, Chapel Hill, Boston...

**MARK:**

...D.C., with Redd Kross.



LEFT TO RIGHT: DONNA DRESCH, MARK LANEGAN, MARK PICKEREL, GARY LEE CONNER

**ID:** Did you tour with Redd Kross?

**MARK:** No, we played five shows with them.

**VAN:** Their fans seem to like us too, so that's cool.

**MARK P:** Hopefully we're going to record another record when we get home, and then tour again in the spring.

**ID:** Are people saying, "You should come around again," or are people saying, "Go home"? (Everyone



laughs.)

**MARK P:** We got a good response.

**MARK:** Sometimes people either don't care or don't get "it," but they don't throw shit at us.

**GARY:** The first tour, we got a few people coming who liked us, the next time we go back, maybe they'll go...

**MARK:** Half the time no one knows who the fuck you are.

**GARY:** Well, that's the idea of doing tours. That's what it was like when we came down to California---no one knew who we were.

**VAN:** We played some really small shows.

**ID:** When you say you don't know if people are going to understand you or "get" you, do you have any kind of message? What are you guys about?

**MARK:** It's just rock.

**VAN:** It's... It's not...

**MARK P:** We don't believe in Vampirism (everyone laughs).

**GARY:** Actually, I do. It's like people come to our shows...

**MARK:** Some people think it's a joke.

**MARK P:** We just play.

**GARY:** We just play just the way we're meant to play.

**MARK:** When I say, "get it," I mean, "like it," there's not any message at all---far from it.

**VAN:** Some people don't like...

**MARK:** Some people don't like long hair.

**VAN:** One time we played at the Love Tractor. They didn't like us at all. I think we were too harsh for them.

**MARK P:** They were like an artsy crowd.

**VAN:** We played one song-thump-and we looked at each other and laughed. It was amazing.

**MARK P:** You could hear a pin drop.

**VAN:** Not one person clapped.

**MARK:** After a while people got into it. They must of thought we were gooks.

**VAN:** Some guy thought we were a "wrestling band."

**MARK:** The other night someone yelled, "Time sailing is Dead."

**MARK P:** What's that from?

**MARK:** The Doors.

**ID:** Where did you go? The North, the Midwest?

**GARY:** We went North, then South, and now we're here.

**ID:** Did you play with the **Flaming Lips**?

**VAN:** No, we keep hearing good stuff about them.

**MARK:** I like them.

**ID:** Who did you play with that you like?

**MARK:** **Dinosaur**, we played with them three times.

**VAN:** **Firehose**... We played with a band called **Happy World**.

**MARK P:** **Bleached Black** were pretty good.

**MARK:** Saw the **Lonely Cowgirls**, they were good.

**ID:** You guys have a record on SST, is your future record coming out on SST? Did you sign a contract?

**VAN:** One at a time.

**MARK:** We also have our first E.P. "World Become Anonymous", coming out on SST.

**VAN:** That was first released on cassette.

**ID:** That's a re-release?

**VAN:** Yeah.

**ID:** What are your lyrics about? Do you sing about psychedelic things, or people?

**MARK:** It's just a way of seeing things, it's not drug influenced. It has something to do with what we listen to.

**VAN:** (They're) just about where we live, we all grew up together.

**ID:** Did you guys all go to high school together?

**MARK:** We went to the same school, but not at the same time. He's older (pointing to Gary).

**ID:** Were you guys punk rockers, was there such a thing?

**GARY:** We started off listening to **Black Flag**.

**VAN:** We listened to whatever wasn't cool. We weren't "punk rockers."

**MARK:** We listened to that kind of music.

**MARK P:** There is no culture up there, so (everyone talked at the same time).

**ID:** How big is the town you guys are from?

**GARY:** About ten or twelve thousand. The biggest town near us is about 50,000. People from a big city would think we're a tiny town, but it's not that small.

**ID:** So, where did you guys play?

**MARK:** We never even played when we had our first tape out.

**VAN:** We had a record recorded before we even played live.

**MARK P:** We played a retarded group at home.

**VAN:** Yeah, that was our first gig---that was cool.

**GARY:** We played in Olympia, Washington. In fact, that's a better place to play than Seattle. Tacoma is alright, too.

**ID:** When you played at Olympia, was that a big college crowd?

**VAN:** Evergreen State is there, but that's not a normal college.

**GARY:** It's a weird College, and there are people who live in the town who are just as weird.

**ID:** Sounds to me like you guys got together, at first, just to play music for fun. Did you imagine that it would lead to U.S. tours?

**GARY:** We always wanted to, but we never thought we'd get the chance.

**VAN:** We always thought we were big enough losers that we'd never get to do something like this. We were stuck, so we decided to do something fun. We wrote songs and it took off.

**ID:** You guys like what you're doing now, could it be better?

**MARK P:** I think it could be a little better.

**MARK:** Better in what way? Depends on what you mean.

**ID:** Well, do you feel like you want to play more, or



work on your music more?

**MARK:** I definitely want to put out more records.

**VAN:** Well, we're going too.

**GARY:** With SST, they'll let us do... They want us to do whatever we want artistically. They won't say, "Put something else out." Some of the bands they have don't sell a lot of records, but they keep

that, just because the way their contracts are set up.

**MARK:** Not that we know anything about that.

**ID:** Did you guys play in L.A.?

**VAN:** Yeah, we played five shows there.

**ID:** Did you play with Redd Kross?

**VAN:**  
Not in  
L.A.



Photo by Amy

them because they like their music.

**VAN:** Our dream has been fulfilled.

**GARY:** Yeah.

**VAN:** I'm pretty content being on SST, they put you on tour, etc.

**GARY:** A lot of bands these days put one or two records out, and you never hear about them after that. Restless is an example of that. So many bands come out on Restless and then you never hear about them after

## SCREAMING TREES

**ID:** Who did you play with?

**VAN:** We played with Firehose twice, Tar Babies twice, Texas In-

struments, DC3, Plan 9.

**ID:** What was the response like down there?

**MARK:** Varied. There weren't very big crowds.

**GARY:** It seems L.A. is always like that.

**MARK:** A couple of them were good.

**GARY:** They weren't great, it wasn't like there were a lot of people.

**VAN:** At one show we played, no one showed up except for SST people.



**MARK P:** That was the best show.

**VAN:** That was the best show because it was so fun. It was 10 SST people in the crowd really digging it.

**MARK:** That's another good thing about SST---they will come watch us.

**VAN:** They've come to every show.

**MARK P:** That's the difference between them and a major label. People work there because they like the bands, they don't work there to make money.

**VAN:** They're not getting rich off of it.

**ID:** Do you think that people, since they know you're on SST, will go and see you?

**VAN:** Yeah. Like for me, before we were on SST, if it was an SST band and I hadn't heard of them, I would go see them. You know it will be good quality.

**MARK P:** Even if you don't like it, you know it will be something different. It won't be a regular band.

**ID:** Did you guys get a chance to hang out with **Dinosaur**?

**VAN:** Yeah, we played a couple of shows with them.

**MARK:** They went to Europe, they're recording an album there.

**ID:** Did you get a chance to play with **Sonic Youth**?

**All:** No.

**VAN:** We'd like to.

**ID:** What are some other bands you'd like to play with?

**VAN:** I would like to play with the **Flaming Lips**.

**ID:** What about the **But-tholes**? Have you played with them yet?

**MARK:** We're playing with them in two weeks.

**ID:** Where?

**VAN:** Seattle.

**MARK P:** On Halloween.

**ID:** That should be insane.

**GARY:** It's going to be at a weird place.

**ID:** What's it like playing in Washington? Is it hard getting gigs?

**GARY:** It's not hard to get gigs, but before we would only make \$50.00 or so.

**MARK:** It costs us more to drive from where we live.

**VAN:** Now it's a little easier. Before we could get gigs, but if you want to drive for three hours and spend 20 bucks each and only get paid 50 bucks, and then spend 30 bucks on gas.

**GARY:** There are a lot better places to play in Seattle.

**MARK:** We play in Bellingham, Walla Walla, Tacoma.

**ID:** Are you guys full-time now? Is the band your life, or do you have other projects?

**MARK P:** We have other means of supporting ourselves.

**MARK:** When we do this, it's all we do.

**ID:** Do you guys get fired when you go on tour?

**VAN:** My parents own a video store where us three work. And he works at a record store that's really mellow and run by an old hippie guy who lets him take off from work to go on tour.

**ID:** So, you guys watch a lot of videos and listen to records all the time?

**All:** Yeah (laughter).

**MARK:** There's not much else to do.



Photo by Ant

**VAN:** We try to work the least possible.

**ID:** When you toured, did you find people to be basically the same all over, or are people cool everywhere?

**MARK:** We never really ran into any assholes.

**VAN:** Well, drunk people sometimes.

**MARK:** There were cool people everywhere we went.

**ID:** You must have seen different aspects of this country, or have you traveled before?

**MARK:** I had never been to the East Coast.

**VAN:** I had never been passed Montana.



**ID:** Did you go to New York?

**VAN:** We went by it.

**ID:** What did you think of the East Coast?

**GARY:** Boston was really cool. There are so many bands there, I never thought about it.

**MARK P:** It's a really good scene---everybody is friendly.

**ID:** Is there an alternative scene everywhere?

**GARY:** There's always a couple of people. There's not always a scene, but a couple of people like Ellensburg. But bigger cities tend not to have scenes too. Like L.A.--it's all little bitty bands, it's not one big thing.

**MARK:** Maybe there is but we've never seen it.

**GARY:** Yeah, probably out in the suburbs.

**VAN:** A lot of our shows we drive into town, we play, and we leave.

**ID:** Do you feel like there is a common bond going?

**MARK:** We feel kind of removed. There are people into tunes everywhere.

**VAN:** It seems people, like the ones in Boston, who we feel that with, are into all kinds of music.

**MARK:** They'll be guys who don't dress the part.

They'll be like we are, they'll listen to an album and not know who it is. And if you ever get a chance to see them, it'll be really cool.

**GARY:** It's like at every show there'll be people dressed in black who like the Cure.

**MARK P:** I think people look good in black.

**GARY:** I mean, it's a life style.

**VAN:** Look at you, "psychedelic."

**GARY:** It's not like I'm trying to be (everyone laughs).

**VAN:** If someone wants to wear all black that's cool.

**ID:** What you're saying, though, is that sometimes there are pretentious people.

**MARK:** It doesn't matter what they wear.

**VAN:** People are cool everywhere.

**MARK:** There are always people who know everything there is to know about independent music as a whole, I get disgusted. I don't think they are really into the music.

**ID:** What do you think of the direction of alternative music? Because it seems like "punk rock" is a past thing. What do you see, as the future of the alternative music scene? Is it going to be totally different?

**MARK P:** I think there are a lot of good bands out right now, but I don't think they're very popular.

**GARY:** There are a lot of bands doing their own thing--there is no set thing that anybody's doing now.

**VAN:** There's no set thing. It's do whatever you want.

**MARK:** I think it's cool that it's all different kinds of music now. All my favorite bands are completely different from each other.

**GARY:** There's not one kind of music to play that's cool, it's really diverse.

**ID:** I guess SST exemplifies that, because what they're doing is producing so many different kinds of music.

**MARK P:** They're putting out jazz albums and weird

electronic stuff.

**VAN:** It's cool because it's not like past movements in rock music which have been one thing at a time. There's been this, then that, then this. Now it's all fallen apart.

**GARY:** There's no one to tell you just because you're playing one thing that it is not cool.

**MARK:** There are so many bands that have a sound all their own.

**ID:** Maybe the new thing is that there is no new thing, or not that there is no one thing, but it's all decentralized.

**GARY:** It's definitely decentralized. Most good bands are from small towns, not from big cities. Back in the 60's, all the bands came from San Francisco or L.A. Now they come from all over.

**ID:** I think punk was responsible for that.

**GARY:** Yeah, a lot, it got more people into it.

**VAN:** The whole punk thing ripped apart...

**GARY:** You didn't have to go to a big city to be part of anything.

**ID:** Also, the fact that there are more independent record companies is a by-product of punk.

**GARY:** Yeah, in the 70's there was none of that. There were no independents. In the 60's there were a lot of independents, but it got eaten up by the big labels.

**ID:** Do you think there is a danger of that now?

**GARY:** There are some.

**VAN:** There are some big independents that have sold out, I mean not sold out, but they are connected to larger companies. That's not bad, because there are new ones popping up all over.

**ID:** Once you start to distribute something, there's the problem right there.

**GARY:** Yeah, distribution is a problem.

**VAN:** All I know is that some of the big independent companies have hooked up to bigger companies. I don't know if that's affected anything.

**MARK:** I don't even like talking about it. We have no knowledge of it.

**VAN:** All I know is that you see on records that they are connected to some bigger company. I don't know what that means.

**ID:** Do you guys think in an indirect sense that this is political, not political in the sense that you're out protesting, but political in the sense that control is with the band now, or at a very individual level?

**MARK:** I don't know if it's like that everywhere, all I know is that it's like that with our record company.

**GARY:** Yeah, that's the cool thing about SST.

**MARK:** It's really artist oriented. I've heard of bands not being able to use the producer they want. That's not independent.

**ID:** Do you think things are better now for bands than in the 60's, for guys like you?

**GARY:** Yeah, because in the 60's bands tried to get hits.

**MARK:** I don't think you know if it's easy or not, be-



cause you have no idea how things really were in the 60's.

**GARY:** You can't really tell because I listen to a lot of obscure stuff from the 60's that no one has really heard of. I don't know if in 10 or 20 years a lot of stuff from the 80's will be the same way.

**ID:** Let's say it's twenty years from now and there are people our age and they're playing rock music, are you guys going to be obscure like pebbles? Is SST going to be like Jimi Hendrix or Janis Joplin, or is it going to vanish into history?

**MARK:** Who can say, it's not like we have a crystal ball.

**GARY:** It's a totally different thing.

**ID:** But you guys have toured and you have some idea of what's out there, and who is listening to what... If there's a little or a lot of support.

**MARK:** Hopefully we can put out some more records. Maybe people will look back on them and like them. It's hard to know. Maybe no one will give a fuck. I hope people are listening to it twenty years from now. I don't know if I will be.

**ID:** What's the nature of reality?

(Everyone falls silent, marking the end of the interview.)

## THE BOLD

# SOUND



## SOUNDGARDEN

### ULTRAMEGA OK



The debut LP from these Seattle rockers. Twisted metal from the magnet north with wailing vocal gymnastics punctuated by razored guitars served atop hypnotic erotic rhythms. Some mighty good eatin' including Flower, All Your Lies, Mood For Trouble and nine others. SST 201 (LP/CA \$7.50, CD \$13.00)

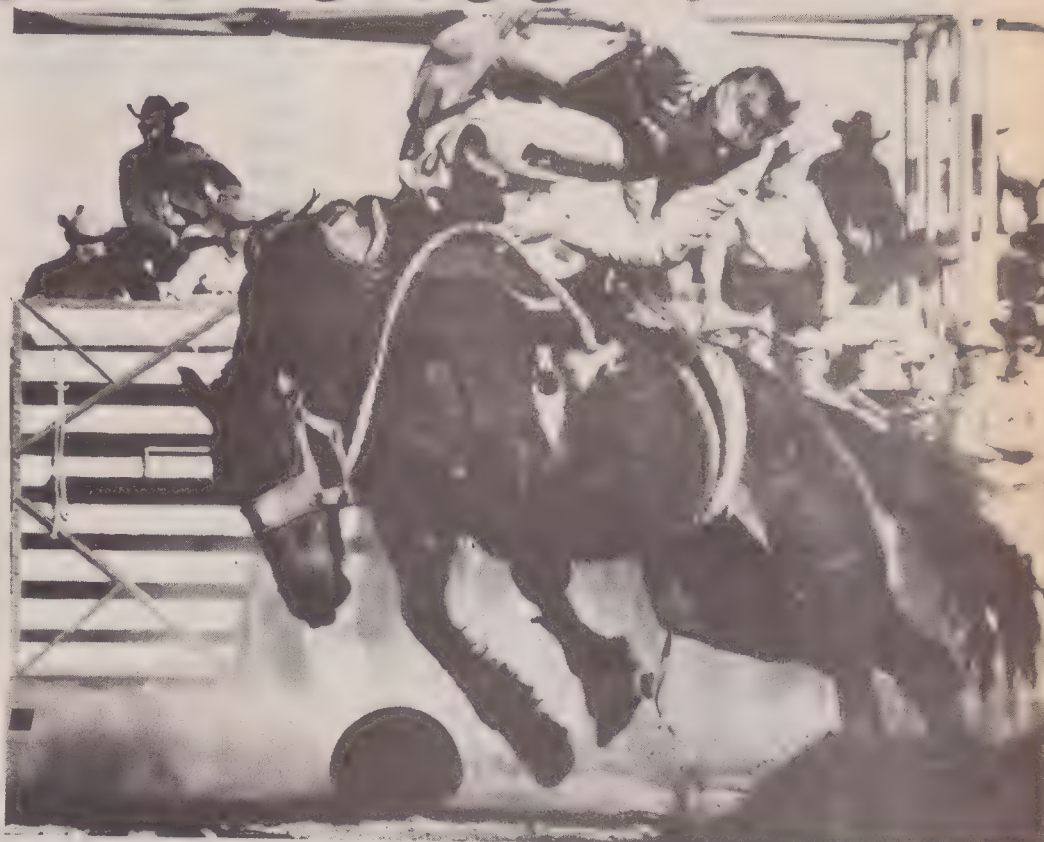


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# THESE BRONCS

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## ADOLESCENTS-"Balboa Fun\*Zone"

Only two original ads. on this disc, and they are now into tattooing and rehashing John Lennon tunes. I mean "Instant Karma" is done well, but however much their press release decries it, this is not the same booming band that bridged L.A. punk with the early hardcore developing in the O.C. suburbs. Here they are left without the charismatic flair of Tony and Casey. The anarchic "overturn cars and rip up the street" vision is also gone. And although Frank Agnew provides some nice 12 string acoustic work on a couple songs, and there's a few rocking tunes ("Allen Hotel" and "Tattoo Time"), the lyrics are weak considering the classics Steve and Rick used to write. I'd probably be much more impressed if I wasn't a big fan of the Adolescents' first album, because the new members do a good job and the whole band shows a lot of potential.

(Triple X Ent. / 6715 Hollywood Blvd Suite 284 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Tina H

## AGONY-The First Defiance

Well, I'm not surprised by this. They sound the same as any other band.ugh. But, there are songs on it that I like. This is basically your average speed metal band. They sound good enough, but I think that as I age, I have become more picky. Where three years ago, this band would have been really good, now they are just average. You could look on the bright side, though, they are in good company. These Swedish rockers are good musicians, but I feel that they

don't really take any chances. Too bad, I could really like 'em.

(Relativity/Combat / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis New York 11423)---Bag

## ALL-"Allroy Sez"

If sounding like an eighties version of the Beach Boys is an achievement, then All should have more believers than Brian "What Year is This" Wilson. The barney/pop direction that the Descendents/All were heading in before Milo exited and Dave Smalee joined, was a welcome change to the legions of neo-metal bands that were invading my breathing and listening room. Somehow that same pop formula pushed a notch or two further causes me to question how loyal and militant a card carrying member of the fan club I really am. As a result, I'm seriously wondering about the future of this Country.

(Criz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach CA 90807)---Steve

## ALICE DONUT-"Donut Comes Alive"

"Stick it in, pull it out, twist it/spread your information/Tipper Gore." Hey, man! Tipper Gore is my mom! You take that back! Ch blessed college radio. I wonder if the corn-cob up the singer's ass hurts? If you like bands like Shriekback (I don't if you'll love this shit.

(Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Bag

## ALWAYS AUGUST-"GEOGRAPHY"

Maybe it's my mistake to expect something "raw" when I pick up a record from an alternative label, but somehow that edge is disappearing with each new SST band. Although one can find merits in mellow jazz/Grateful Dead improvisations this reviewer prefers to leave that to summer jazz festivals. It is in this tradition that AA creates its festive landscape. I've kept my old Santana and EMI records locked in the closet. I just wish these guys had done the same. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Ant

## ANARCHY 6-"Hardcore Lives"

I have excellent news for the world: There is still such a thing as hardcore. It is alive. It's death, it's demise, is a figment of time cunt's imagination. HC never died; it was just the trendy thing for burnt-out old punks to say when they wanted to look cool but they didn't want to say they still liked it because they were afraid they would get kicked out of the Scream and they wouldn't be given coke anymore. There's new punks, there's new hardcore sounds, there's straight edge, there's oil, there's pos, there's reg, there's unity, and nothing else means shit. (Grant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Brian

## ART PHAG-"Art Phag"

Obnoxious primal grunge. There's nothing more eloquent than pounding tribal rhythms with heavily distorted guitar and



typical rock 'n' roll rantings about psycho-sexual fantasies. Imagine, if you will, turning the Cramps on at level 11 and then sticking your head into a bathtub full of warm beer. The sound permeating through the hollow chemical bonds of the dead yeast will resemble those rantings on this disk. There are some vaguely political lyrics, but it's hard to take them seriously, considering the degrading lyrics about women. (Wang Head Records / 19620 Wahrman Rd. / New Boston, MI 48164)---Ant

#### THE ASTORIANS-"Guffahw"

Catchy rock 'n' roll band with commercial licks and lyrics. The vocalist occasionally aspires to the sultry style of Elvis Costello. The drums are bouncy and generally a little on the tiny side. This band is not necessarily the next original big thing, but it interested me enough to listen to it a second time. If you are occasionally caught by a pop-rock song, some of the songs might catch you. (Peg-N-Hole Records / 167 12th St. / Brooklyn, NY 11215) --- Stephanie

#### ATTITUDE-"Kein Schlaf Bis Deutschland"

What we have here is an all out attack by a powerful speed metal flavored outfit. The lyrics raise a lot of the usual questions. Nothing particularly inspiring, but hey, what's new? (P.O. Box 210625 / San Francisco, CA 94121)---Thomas

#### THE BEATNIGS-"Beatnigs"

This is industrial punk political rap that'll be reckoned with. From oil drums to tire rims and tape edits these guys will getcha dancing. "Burritos" is a particularly sharp song in it's lyrical contrast of rich and poor, and my fave hit of the album. Fuck yeah, how many burritos could you get for the \$250,000 a piece missiles that we fired on Libya, not to mention the plane that crashed? Anyway, they've shown with their great live shows that there will be much more to come, so tune in on your Beatnig channel. (Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

#### BIG DRILL CAR-"Small Block"

Melodic punk in the vein of All and Dag Nasty is played by Big Drill Car on this one sided album. They are quite good at this sound, touching all the bases from hard driving metallic edged numbers to heartfelt pop core love songs. Besides, how could you dislike a band who survived a Canadian tour that saw them proudly destroy two tour vans one in a magnificent roll-over. (Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)---Thomas

#### BLACK FLAG-"Wasted...Again"

Sooner or later the bonafide greatest hits album from the defunct Black Flag would

find its way out of SST's basement into the store front. For most Blackheads, this album won't mean much, for if s/he were a dedicated fan, the choice cuts would have already been collecting dust in the b section of his/her collection. I confess, most of the songs I don't have in my collection (except for the earlier cuts), so I appreciate the dabbling Flags most recent rantings. "Slip It In" is one of the great songs I had ignored. I encourage those of you who lack the archival record of Black Flag to do yourself a favor and add this album to your historical collection.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Ant

#### BLAST-"The Power of Expression"

This is SST's re-issue of Blast's first LP. In the past we've discussed Blast's similarity to Black Flag...on hearing this, SS Decontrol also comes to mind. But never mind that. There's nothing sacred about either of those two bands. Both forfeited all hope for the afterlife, their later LPs being a testament to that. And what about Blast? Let me tell you, intensity like this is bound to grab you by the antlers. These guys change tempo more times in one song than most bands do in an entire set. "Hardcore" has it's virtues, and two cheers to these dudes for reminding me of that. Now I've got to clean up my room...all this slamming has made it a complete wreck.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Brian

#### BLOOD BATS-"Fatal Book Opened"

The notion of rap novelty tripe sends shivers down my spine. I'd sooner chew an entire roll of Reynolds Wrap than sit through repeated sittings of urban rhythmic chanting. These recordings are 1 or 2 years old, but even back then I wouldn't have liked it. Such is the story of Side A: Creatively humorous lyrics but unbearable music. Side B is a completely different song & dance: Subdued rock songs reminding me of middle-to-later period Damned at their softest. "Persephone/O Medusa" sounds particularly good, catchy. These three guys were DC's BMO and Roger and Colin were the rhythm section of Dag Nasty before it "petered" out. (Hellfire Records / PO Box 25631 / Washington, DC 20007)---Brian

#### BOOM BOOM G.I.-"Slide A Little Closer"

Here's more of that Seattle grunge rock we've come to expect. However, this band has a female singer and bass player. The vocals are buried in the mix, masking the very vivid, but stereotypically male oriented lyrics. The effect is really strange when sung by a woman. I can barely imagine a female coming up with some of these themes let alone the adjectives used. The strong blues rock and acoustic numbers are a long way from Orange Co. They exude the steamy underside of life you'd expect to find with a bar band in a cold dark and smoky Northwest tavern.

(P.O. Box 30853 / Seattle, WA 98103)---Thomas

#### BOY\*GIRL\*BOY-"Boy\*Girl\*Boy"

This might be called thoughtful pop, if there is such a thing, because the lyrics are a cut above the usual pop drivel. The vocals are very sweet. Everything else about this band is synthetic, right down to the horn section and the drum machine. Could this be the next ABBA?

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Flint

#### BRAVE NEW WORLD-"Noise From The Heart"

We're talking atmospheric post punk here. The vocals are somewhat like Public Image without the cynicism. Squealing guitars, screechingly mellow plodding, are the back drop for 1984 doomsday visions. No revelations are disclosed here, only ramblin' keyboards veil the unrelenting repetitive attack.

(Homemade Records / 422 E. Olive, Suite C / Pomona, CA 91766)--- Thomas

#### BULIMIA BANQUET-"Eat Fats Die Young"

This is a most listenable unlistenable album. They try hard to avoid nice sounds. They have some almost philosophical "fuck you" songs, which tend to be very topical. They are unique.

Somehow this seems a step backward for music...perhaps a mistaken leap into some Neanderthal view vis-a-vis our very fabric. Too simplistic for my feebly complex mind. (FlipSide Records / P.O. Box Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas/Brian

#### BULLET LAVOLTA-"Bullet Lavolta"

There's always room enough in this lad's heart for a dose of the old guitar rock, especially when it's a dual-geetar assault. The trade-off of two guitars is usually infinitely more interesting than one. Take the WeirDOS, for example...not that Bullet Travolta sound like the WeirDOS, but the massive bi-guitar sound makes my pants tighter. When you set this on the aging turntable, you'll remember what goddamned rock and roll is supposed to sound like. You won't care about all that wimpy sentimental shit that your "sopnisticated" friends want to hear. Fuck 'em. This is embodiment of R & H Stuff the rest.

(Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Brian

#### BURNING SPEAR-"Mistress Music"

As contemporary reggae continues to be homogenized to the point of a techno-pop suicide, a spear of excellence pierces the facade of commercialized roots reggae. This album is roots all the way, with the legendary Burning Spear wailing his distinctly rebellious voice. Those who remember Spear's political conviction to resurrect the ghost of Marcus Garvey, won't be disappointed. An all female horn section (an extreme rarity in the reggae world) is a special bonus to Spear's latest release, enhancing this distinctly iconoclastic assault. Although musically, it would be hard to see this as a step away from traditional roots, Burning Spear's unique voice sets it apart from most other reggae out today.



### BUTTHOLE SURFERS—"Hairway To Steven"

No matter how much I resist this, I find it hard to deny the Buttholes their copyright on reality. Somehow through their crass portrayal of contemporary American life, I can see that in a perverted way, the Buttholes are the most astute cultural observers of American life. Sadly, due to the lack of written information on their latest opus, I'm truly lost as to know anything about the disk's songs. Various lyrical glimpses appear with x-rated girls passing gas, or the appearance of the new messiah, Johnny Smoke. One wonders if the New Age can survive the wrath of the Butthole Surfers.

After pondering the disturbing cover photos, I asked myself a crucial question concerning whether this band constitutes cynicism or optimism about the future of the human race. I guess the greatest merits of the Butthole Surfers is their ambiguity, and their indeterminate position on the scale of good and evil.

The newest release is not without it's lampoons, which makes me wonder if the acoustic work is Gibby channelling Jerry Garcia, or just a mellow barn ride through a bowling alley. The album is not without it's hits either. However, due to the typically crass lyrics, I remains to be seen if this band will hit big time. Already, the splatterings of devoted cult followers will be sure to say no a la Nancy Reagan to the comparison-- but let's face it-- the BHS are the Grateful Dead of the Eighties-- two drummers and all. Back to the record, though, one finds that the fantastic live experience is captured in many of these songs, which makes this record an added plus. You will be sure to get your money's worth, because, in addition to the eight songs on the album, at least two of the songs can be played at 45 rpm, so your listening pleasure can be extended beyond the confines of the full play album.

There's probably not much I can say about this, for I'm either preaching to the converted, or dogging to the unbelievers. Regardless of your level of dehumanization, any listener to this l.p. will surely have something to laugh about, if not cynically, perhaps cautiously at one's own ignorance. (Touch and Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)—Ant

### EUGENE CHADBOURNE—"Dear Eugene, What You Did Was Not Very Nice. So I Am Going To Kill Eugene"

The most dangerous and prolific man with an electric rake (or any other implement) to walk the earth has done it again! From his ode to Ollie North, to his live/dance version of "How Can You Kill Me When I'm Already Dead," should firmly land him where most great talents end up; in complete and utter obscurity, living in the back seat of his '71 Buick Skylark. America does not deserve Eugene Chadbourne.

(Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ. 85063)—Steve

### SCOTT COLBY

Scott Colby is obviously a competent and creative musician who is capable of combining many genres of music, mainly country, delta blues, and Ry Cooder style jazz. There is a scary mainstream element to his sound. While I can envision playing this to my lefty deadhead friends at a Sunday BBQ, I can't help but feel that this is about as far from Black Flag as a nutburger is from a Big Mac. (SST Records / PO Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

### THE CONDITIONZ—"Head"

Generation X without the raw edge, The Ramones without a sense of humor, X without imagination—pick any band from the seventies, subtract whatever set them apart and you'd have a group like The Contortionz, generic rock and roll. Compositions that sound like a mish-mash of songs you've heard a million times before—a showcase flatted 7th, a few "heavier" moments, and of course distorted bends all over the place. Lyrics like "World War Three won't bum me out," or, "I'm only eighteen, I gotta get away," don't exactly grab me either. (Toxic Shock Records / Box 242 / Pomona, CA 91769)—Chris

### THE COOLIES—"Doug"

A rock opera a la "Tommy" with songs like "Talkin' about Doug." Yeah, Dude! This is pretty damn funny stuff. "Doug," the hero of our opera, is a skinhead who has the pledge o' allegiance tattooed on his head (in other words, he's a typical Orange County skinhead). You can follow the story with the free comic book (I love free comic books). This record is a welcome dose of silly rock. (DB Records / 432 Moreland Ave. / Atlanta, GA 30307)—Flint

### COPERNICUS—"Deeper"

Copernicus appears on the cover of this album in a white and black tuxedo with some sort of drink in one hand, the other blurred; he looks pissed, looks like he's about to get up out of that chair and explode, looks like the crazy uncle they couldn't avoid inviting to the wedding, looks like trouble. Put the disc on and all worries are confirmed. I should be able to describe an album where Guatemala vegetation changes from bananas into Christmas trees, where 29 musicians are interrupted and pushed into outer space by an ever more oblique and hilarious Copernicus. I should be able to describe all that without resorting to clichés like melodious chaos, or poetic anarchy, or wow! I should be able to do a lot of things, like whistle with two fingers in my mouth. (Nevermore, Inc. / P.O. Box 170150 / Brooklyn, NY 11217)—Chris

### COSTES AND SUCKDOG—"Rape GG"

Costes is a Frog who digs Lisa Suckdog, whose claim to fame is an infatuation with (yawn) GG Allin. He's that (yawn) shock-rocker from up New England way who does all that vile (yawn) disgusting stuff on stage. Lisa and Costes have, with reverence to GG, put out the most unlistenable piece of garbage I've ever heard. Let me clarify my point: This is the most useless shit hunk of

record to ascend the hill to my home. For all of time. Does that statement seem harsh or unreal to you? You probably haven't heard the record, so let's really put this turd into perspective: It is unthinkable for me to sit through it again. Even the suggestion of it is unspeakable. But all this talk about Lisa's various holes makes me think I'd like to see sleazy Lisa in action. Hey Lisa, I want to know just how depraved you really are. I don't give a hoot about that guy Costes. But Lisa, please inform me before you "get your act together and take it on the road," so to speak. I am sincerely interested.

(Lisa Carver / P.O. Box 1491 / Dover, NH 03820)—Brian

### COVEN—"Blessed Is The Black"

Horrible Production. Horrible songs. Horrible lyrics. Horrible Singing. I don't really have to say much more, but I will. There's nothing original here. Just the same old crunchy Black Sabbath rip-offs, with enough Satan, 666, burning Christians, blood, and gore to keep the P.M.R.C. going another couple of months. The only good thing about this album is the picture on the cover, very colorful artwork. If you buy this, throw away the record and just keep the jacket.

(Subcore Records / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)—R. Rangel

### CHRONIC CITIZENS—"Capital Cult"

It's tough taking this band seriously; their lyrics are full of p.c. indignations covering everything from police brutality to caffeine abuse (where do these guys hang out?) but the music sounds like The Addams Family hooks mixed up with some kind of rinky-dink mamba-samba. I don't mind being confused; I'm just wondering if I'm the only one. (Old Chelsea Station / P.O. Box 1066 / New York, NY 10011)—Chris

### THE CLASH—"The Story Of The Clash"

Once upon a time, the "only band that matters" put out some records that came pretty close to living up to that brash claim. No, I'm not talking about Jane's Addiction, but the leaders of revolution rock and fashion consciousness, The Clash. Then along came "Should I Stay Or Should I Go." And thankfully go they went. "The Story Of" documents their reign and rapid decline, just in case you missed it the first time around. Not a greatest hits package, but a sampling of the best, "White Riot," and the worst, "Train in Vain." Still, a good documentation of a band (and only a band) that may not of mattered, but put out some memorable pub-rock.

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York City, NY 10019)—Steve

### CREMATOR—"Home Style Surgery"

Well, let's see...they're from Sydney, they are a thrash/metal band, one of the guys plays a fiddle (they make "Devil Went Down to Georgia" listenable), they're young, they drink good beer, uh, well that's about it. Their songs aren't very original sounding, they are mediocre to good musicians, etc. I suppose that if you're tired of the really great hard-hitting bands you should have this one in your collection. I hope they improve, I



would like to hear some of their future stuff.  
(Waterfront/Damp Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Austrailia)—Bag

### DAG NASTY—"Field Day"

What the swaggering press release fails to mention about Brian Baker is that he split up Dag Nasty in '86 to come out to LA to do the abysmal "Doggy Style/Rocks" project, a crap rap rock band which failed miserably to achieve the success Baker so badly wanted. When it didn't attract major label attention in spite of (albeit minor) MTV airplay, Baker stuck his proverbial tail between his proverbial legs and hightailed it back to WDC to seek success with a new Dag Nasty lineup.

By "Field Day," Baker is the only remaining member from the first LP, "Can I Say." What's more, the "new" Dag Nasty is devoid of the raw and vital energy once known in those pre-"Doggy Style" offerings. Peter Cortner probably couldn't sing his way out of a wet paper bag. He lacks grace during the soft moments, lacks power during the heavy moments and is, in general, an aural nuisance. I'm surprized that so many hardcore kids, desperate for aggressive noise, still embrace Dag Nasty as their own. This band even has the audacity to cover the Ruts' "Staring at the Rude Boys" without once even giving Ruts credit for writing the song! I respect this about as much as I respect the jerks who stole my Alva skateboard from behind my back when I was 13.

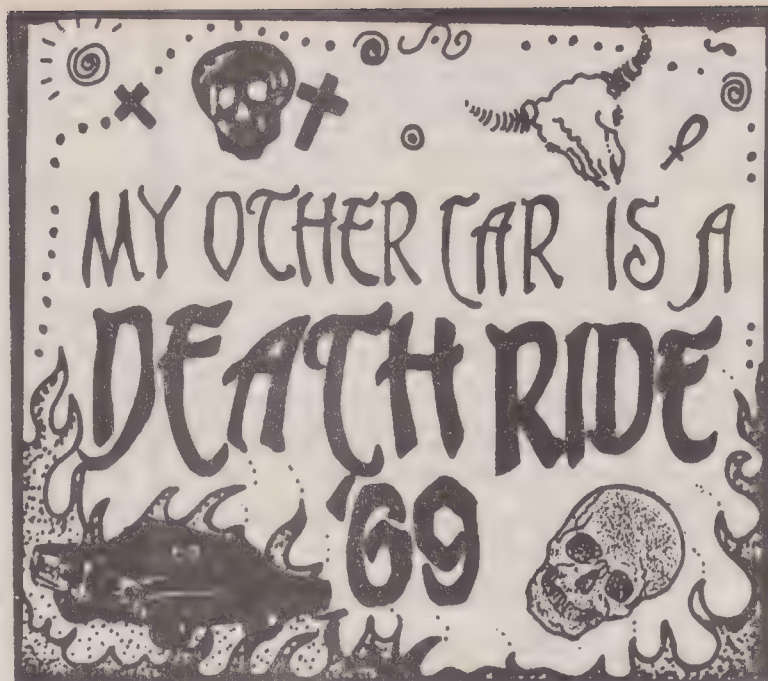
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571)—Brian

### DAMAGE—"Jubilee 'O' Kindness"

This was a pleasant surprise. I must admit the idea of a synthesizer hardcore band seemed comical at first, and after looking at the pictures of a drummer and two guys with those strap on sythesizers shaped like guitars, I grew increasingly skeptical. I quickly started choking on my words. What I found here was anything but wimpy. The majority of the eight songs are in the HC realm; tight, fast, and full sounding. Not the way you would imagine keyboards playing thrash. There are also cool slower songs that are really enhanced by the syntheizer sound. I still hate Depeche Mode but Damage rages! (Space Fish Records / 1727 Barcelona Way / Winter Park, FL 32789)—Morgan

### DANCING HOODS—"Hallelujah Anyway"

The textural cover attracted me to this record. It has both a glossy and matte finish to the paper. The Dancing Hoods abundance of hooks made me take a second listen. This is a very accessible commercial



leaning album in the college radio vein, but the American rock sound is diverse and soulful with enough of an edge that it works.  
(Relativity Records / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis, New York 11423)—Thomas

### DAS DAMEN—"Triskaidekapobe"

After reading an interview with Das Damen, something stuck in my head, tainting any understanding I may have of this band's music. One of the band's members was quoted saying the bland (whoops, I mean band) played "nice", "friendly", or "happy" music-- something to that affect. It was appropriate because I couldn't find anything mean in this album. Perhaps this is a reflection of my own cynicism, but doesn't it bother you when a musician or artist is NOT mean? Or that the music is not scathing? That was the best part of punk: expressing nihilistic feelings toward the psychotherapy of the blind friendly fascism of the Seventies. Well, in all due respect, it is actually somewhat refreshing to hear something "friendly". But it is absolutely necessary to prepare one's self to hear something that is nice, and to something that lacks any alienation. With all that said and done, be prepared to RELAX while listening to the latest Das Damen dish. Be prepared to listen to the carefully layed tracks and to the deliberate harmonies. Be prepared to drink mint tea and to eat bran muffins while listening. If you've been waiting to introduce your grandmother to alternative music, then it can safely be said that Das Damen wouldn't offend your Christian grandma nor her french poodle, Fifi.  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

### THE DEADLY HUME—"Lonely Mr. Happy"

Lackadaisical slide guitar, melancholy horns, traces of feedback, even what sound like slapping spoons (is that what they call that?). The vocals are a bit odd and so fit right in. Eerie lazy-chair-tunes that grow on

you. They're from Australia, but the cover looks like Nevada.  
(Phantom Records / 375 Pitt St. Sydney, Box A566, Sydney South, 2000, Australia)—chris

### DEATH RIDE '69—"Elvis Christ"

When Elvis died, He planted a seed in my heart that will never die. Elvis gave and gave for us. Yeah, I wasn't on that stage, I wasn't in front of the thousands of screaming fans, my pelvis wasn't not shown on TV, but I feel I know Elvis better than anyone...the soul and psyche, the elan vital, if you will. I wasn't there but, in me, Elvis lit a fire that will never be extinguished.

The King...that's what they used to call Him. The

King of Kings, that's what they called Him. That's what they said. Somewhere up there...yes, up there, look! That cluster of twinkling stars! That's where to find the King, that magical twinkling jumpsuit of stars...that's where the King is. Long may He reign!

(Little Sister Records / Box 1282 / Pacific Palisades, CA 90272) ---Brian

### DEJA VOODOO—"The Worst of Deja Voodoo"

Culled from over 5 years of sandblasting, this LP represents the 24 "missing" Deja Voodoo songs. 5 years, yet some of you may ask, "Who are Deja Voodoo?" They are 2 rugged outdoorsmen...2 Canadians who, for want of better skills, formed a 2-man band. The drumbeats are extremely simple, the guitar playing very distinctive and the lyrics incredibly stupid, but it's not mundane in the least. Let's say Screamin' Jay Hawkins or The Cramps had played music at age 10...you get the picture, a very crude picture. Many of the songs are almost alike, incorporating the E-A-B chord progression found in 17,000 blues/rock'n'roll songs of the latter 1/3 of the first 3/5 of this century. Add it up and count the cost. Deja Voodoo has a cupie doll with your name on it.

(Og Music / Box 182, Station F / Montreal, Quebec, CANADA H3J 2L1) ---Brian

### DETOX—"We Don't Like You Either"

...Brilliant and unique noise. P.K. puts a wonderfully "nasty rattle" on his kit. Steve's bass playing has great spirit and soul. Tony's guitar is tuned to the sky. And Forklift, he's a visionary lyricist, who despite having trouble standing can sing the tail off a tiger. All this energy is being pumped, like hot horse breath on a cold day, out of these vinyl grooves and across great cultural wastelands like L.A., where it's infecting about three people.

(FlipSide Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)—Thomas



### **D.I.-What Good Is Grief To A God"**

This is the worst D.I. record I've heard. The lyrics are so generic they're almost funny. Hell, I can't think of much good to say about this one. Casey's capable of much better.

(Triple X Records / 6715 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 282 / Hollywood, CA 90028-4606)—Thomas

### **DIDGITS-"Hey Judester"**

Bad boys of rock. Mean mother fuckers. Kick ass. Kill your neighbor, rape his daughter. That is the stuff obnoxious rockers are made of. Appealing to some, appalling to others. Dangerous to society, harmless to the status quo. In all, the Didgits are dangerously harmless. A lot of huff and puff, and ear splitting rock 'n' roll, but the revolution never materializes. Be aware: the guitarist someday may stab himself to death in order to prove his worthiness to rock 'n' roll.

(Touch and Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625) — Ant

### **DIE KREUZEN-"Century Days"**

It's hard for me to believe that this is only the third Die Kreuzen LP. They are a band who, to some of us, were almost legendary. Talk used to go on between my friends and me: "I can't believe they can play like that." "Yes, Die Kreuzen are tighter than any band has a right to be." When their first LP came out, we simply COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. Their second LP, "October File", was the ideal follow-up, and "Century Days" is the ideal successor to that. I get the idea that these guys do what they want to do and never look back. Unfortunately, this means that they can still come to LA and play to 30 people. This band is still pushing music to it's limits in a way that no other band does. Brian/Herman Ege-ness is a fucking unbelievable guitarist. This guy plays more different chords than you knew existed. Die Kreuzen plays a type of music you never imagined existed. I can't believe they're still so unknown around here. It's just not right.

(Touch and Go Records / PO Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)—Brian

### **DIVINE HORSEMEN-"Handful of Sand"**

Julie Christensen is always great. On her voice alone, I could recommend any Horsemen album. However, this wouldn't be the one that would top my list of recommendations. The songs are long. Real long. And the live side has a bunch in the way of instrumental interludes, which puts me to sleep. Still, it's good Horsemen fodder.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Flint

### **ANNA DOMINO-"Tempting"**

Two sappy love songs and a disco song. Ten years ago this could have been an AM radio hit, now it's being pushed off as "alternative" music. I must admit I took it from the Ink Disease Complimentary Record Bin because of the neat cover...this babe comes off looking like Suzanne Vega. End of comparison.

(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville

Centre, NY 11571-0800) —Brian

### **DOUGHBOYS-"Whatever"**

Many years ago Husker Du introduced the concept of power pop (Liar! It was around long before Husker Du!—ed.) to the punk movement. I'm not well versed in the history of Canadian punk, so if the Doughboys are not the first Husker Du of Canada, they are certainly one of the premiere bands to achieve any parity with the defunct trio from Minneapolis. The Doughboys huge guitar sound is bolstered by guitarists John Kastner and Scott McCulloch. This brand of power pop could easily fade into the realm of bullshit pretentiousness, but a level of intensity and sincerity keeps the music out of the b.s. zone. The Doughboys ability to retain their roots in hardcore (from the early '80s) enables their rebelliousness to come through.

(Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste. 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)—Ant

### **THE DREAM SYNDICATE-"Ghost Stories"**

Droning lead guitar, MTV chord progressions and soap-opera- lyrics sum up all but one song on this album. That one song, entitled "Black," squeezed somewhere near the end of side two, recalls better days, i.e. Wine and Roses, and seems all too out of place here. What happened to this band?

(Enigma Records / 11264 Playa Court, P.O. Box 3628 / Culver City, CA 90231-3628)—Chris

### **DRY LUNGS III-"International Compilation"**

Excellent material. A variety of moody, sophisticated electronic music pieces. This Dry Lungs volume is not industrial as past recordings, however, it is still more gutsy than most music of its genre i.e. current releases of Robert Astley or Steve Reich. The artist's addresses are on the back of the record cover for those listeners who want to hear more!

(Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ. 85063)— Stephanie

### **EEZEEQUEEL & BLOODY BLOOSTONE-"Lines of Oppression"**

The songs on this record tend to have a reggae influence, which is overshadowed by the Dexy's Midnight Runners vocals. I'm not sure why the songs are supposed to interest me. They come off like torch songs for the narcissitic.

(Capricorn Ent. / P.O. Box 15921 / Philadelphia, PA 19103)— Flint

### **ELEVENTH DREAM DAY-"Prairie School Freakout"**

This tense band from Chicago has a sound somewhat akin to Green On Red circa "Gravity Talks" sans keyboards. They stake out their own territory though, especially by the female drummer/back-up singer (whose voice reminds me of Remate from Amon Duullii) lending an ethereal feel to the whole shebang. My only complaint is that it sometimes veers too much into Crazy Horse type jammin', but this is more than compensated

for by loud production, cool slide guitar and overall desperate tone, that pervades the record. The perfect sound track for your next barbecue.

(Amoeba Records / 5337 La Cresta Court / Los Angeles, CA 90038)—Mark

### **EL GROUPO SEXO-"Up Periscope"**

Okay- good things have been said about this band- happenin' gigs, good 1st album. This is my first exposure to this band, and it appears they've taken the road least worth traveling. The songs are all well played, but to what end? The lyrics are annoyingly Zappa-esque (I guess as to what "Dorkin' the Muffin" is about). Musically, it's a little better, but too slick with too many fuckin' horns. Overall, this just does not connect. There are some good songs here (no, dude, a jazz instrumental, and a Tower of Power cover), but these aren't enough to redeem the album. On the basis of this and The Chili Peppers decline, it seems L.A. punk/funk scene is completely down the drain. Maybe live tho... (Chameleon Music Group / 3355 W. El Segundo Blvd. / Hawthorne, CA)—Mark

### **ELVIS HITLER-"Disgraceland"**

This smokin' album has hardly left my turntable since the first listening. Contained on this album are 13 odes to the good life, lovingly rendered by Elvis and the boys. Hot numbers on this include "Live Fast, Die Young," "Hot Rod to Hell," "Ten Wheels for Jesus" and a tender tribute to the sacred love between a man and a woman called "I Love Your Guts." This is the perfect complement to your next 12-pack of plain wrap beer and pint of Jack Daniels. At least the cover of "Purple Haze," coupled with the lyrics of "Green Acres" make this totally critic-proof and a must have. Purchase, immediately!! (Wang Head Records / 19620 Wahrman Rd. / New Boston, MI 48164)— Mark

### **EVENING IN TROPIC-**

Mellow and pleasant like lollipops floating along a honey river-- slow and sensually sweet. Albert Garzon wrote the music and lyrics with the help from local musicians, including the 10,000 Maniacs. There's a parody of Peter Gabriel's "Games Without Frontiers" in the cut "Less Cendries". I'd describe this record as an electronic, minimalist, sweet pop album, much like the band Kissing the Pink Naked.

(Community 3 Records / 416 E. 13th St. #12, New York, NY 10009)—Stephanie

### **EXAMPLEHEAD-"Ahead of style"**

Greg Gardner sounds sorta like Paul Weller with snatches of John Lydon phrasing, but all at a much raspier register. And there's a kind of slinky (did you ever play with one of those?) abandon, a determined shortness of breath which keeps the whole thing on a disconcerting edge--imagine Killing Joke coming unwound. The guitarist, Lionel Gardner, keeps his foot locked down on the distortion pedal, never stopping to reconsider life or locate a flanger; kinda like the singer, Gardner that they are, they both seem to be revving away in second gear along bumpy roads while dusk sets in and while we wait for a piston to crack. All poetic



license aside, it's a nice drive.  
(For info send S.S.A.E. or IRC's to Bruce G.  
c/o Aberrant Records / Box A566 / Sydney  
South / 2000 Australia)—Chris

### THE FABULOUS FONDAS—"The Kindpins of Love"

I kinda wanted to like this. I mean, the cover depicts various bowling (the great American sport) motifs—pins, balls, a cowed lass w/perfect form, etc. All this lovingly rendered by a former Superman artist. And the band certainly looks wacky enough on the back. Unfortunately, the music on the disc is rather nondescript, silly ska/pop. If you're still interested, this should soon be populating 25 cent bins from coast to coast—save some money.

(Fonda World H.Q. / 1916 S. 15th St. / Phila., PA 19145)—Mark

### FANG—"A Mi Ga Sfafas"

This is boring. That's my main comment with this going-nowhere band. The only two good tracks on the album are "Lolita" and "Fistful of Wicked Women," although, they do a humorous version of "Puff the Magic Dragon." I think that no one really tries to put forth a concerted effort anymore; they think that if they grind out an album, people will just buy it and that's that. Bull shit bwana! You gotta do more than that! Please don't waste your money.

(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)—Bag

### FEEDTIME—"Cooper-S"

I find these guys refreshingly unpretentious. This 3-piece band hails from Sydney, Australia and they just play some great hard-driving music. To be honest, I don't think that they will ever be a really big band, but I don't think that's what they are striving for. This album contains many covers (most better or at least equal to the original). From The Ramones to The Stooges and from Nancy Sinatra to The Beach Boys, these guys really put forth an incredible effort with "Cooper-S." Buy this album!

(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth St. / San Francisco, CA 94103)—Bag

### FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM—"The Nephilim"

Melody Maker voted this #1 indie album in the U.K. This may be a reflection of Melody Maker's bland taste, or the fact that there is very little good alternative music coming out of England these days. Nephilim draws on the gloom of Joy Division, the pop undertones of U2, and the vocals of the Cookie Monster. The pretentiousness of the band's image fits neatly with their music. Indeed, it's a sad commentary on Melody Maker's taste that the best they can hear is a potential MTV spot with a Cookie Monster vocalist.

(RCA Records / 6363 Sunset Blvd. / Hollywood, CA 90028-7318)—Ant

### FIFTH ANGEL—"Fifth Angel"

With the intensity of Van Halen's first album, and the current metal songwriting, this band has a crankin' smokin' platter on their hands. The singer's voice does not

detract from the songs, the songs sound different (a major achievement nowadays), they have a sense that the buying public will not just suck on generic metal today; if it is going to be metal, it has to be good. This is shit that you can not only "bang your head" to, you could even bang your scrot.

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York City, NY 10019)—Bag

### FIREHOSE—"If'n"

Whereas the first FIREHOSE LP gave me a total diamond-cutter, "if'n" produces only a blue-veiner. Still that's stimulation and you gotta respect it. Watt, Hurley and Crawford don't often disappoint, but they also don't seem to get into 4th gear on this. Their live shows lately have been the same way. As Al pointed out at a recent gig, Ed doesn't even leave the floor anymore! But this is FIREHOSE, and we expect so much from these guys that even a bad FIREHOSE show is infinitely superior to 99.8% of anything else. Kudos to the dudes. And as much as I've ragged on SST in my "No Age" review, there's something I'll happily say: SST has always had either the Minutemen or FIREHOSE, which is more than enough to justify the existence of any record company. We thank SST for that.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Brian

### FIREHOSE—"Sometimes, Almost Always"

Commercial bullshit!  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

### FIREPARTY—"Fireparty"

The women behind Dischord records finally have formed a band, the result of which is somewhat similar to Rites of Spring. However the over pouring of emotion we expect from bands on this label seems to be a little restrained and the lyrics slightly on the vague side. At times, however, there are bursts of vocal intensity and musical abandon hinting at what's underneath. I'm sure in the future there's going to be a lot of mopping up after their shows.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher Street / N.W. Washington, D.C. 20007)—Thomas

### THE FLUID—"Clear Black Paper"

Yet Another hard hitting disk from Seattle's up and coming Sup Pop label. The Fluid fit into the label's character: retro-futuro-rocko-slopo-grungo-ringo-hippo music. Combining jazz and rock trythms (like Steppenwolf), The Fluid flows like green anti-freeze into fresh white snow. Based in Denver, The Fluid utilize benefits of high altitude by replacing light headedness with pre-teen fantasies of glorious rock gods rising above the ashes of sordid puberty crises, leading the multitude of misguided adolescents into an abyss of groupied utopia. Chock up another one for Sub Pop—this rocks!

(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)—Ant

### FRIENDS OF BETTY—"Blind Faith II"

I'm running out of things to say about this

kind of music. Not that it's bad, it's just hard to hook myself on one thing and say, "That's it!" The guitar sound is discombobulated with no bullshit heavy metal licks. Each song flows smoothly without a discernable brake. Dynamically the music ebbs and flows from loud to quiet, fast to slow. The vocals remain powerful and emotional. Throughout, instruments are creatively arranged, showing impressive range. I guess I like it, but why? It's as grey as Chicago in the winter, and I'm jaded. That's why.

(Underdog Records / P.O. Box 14182 / Chicago, ILL 60614)—Ant

### STEVE FISK—"448 deathless Days"

There is something innately sinister about endless tape loops of self-help tapes, backward tracking of mysterious diatribes, and subtle voices trickling through the airwaves into your subconsciousness. Like the great Brian Eno, Steve Fisk offers a subversive regurgitation of "found" sounds, in addition to his own studio meanderings. In the tradition of dub and instrumental madness, Fisk dabbles in the Psychic wonderings of great soundless sages, and petitions thee to concentrate on these subtle little mantras. By the time you reach the last groove, be sure your tofu hasn't melted and that your crystal hasn't burned a hole through your heart.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

### FLOWER LEPERDS—"Dirges In The Dark"

I never liked the Flower Leperds. I never liked 70's metal and I'll never like this record. The addition of Tony Montana doesn't change my mind. I think I'll go put on an Adolescents record. I'm ready for some punk rock right about now.

(Triple X Records / 6715 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 282 / Hollywood, CA 90028-4606)—Thomas

### GOTHIC SLAM—"Killer Instinct"

Leave it to a bunch of metal jokers to write a song about slamming and stage-diving 8 or 9 years after the fact. If I could muster up enough methane to injure these guys with a cigarette lighter and a fart, I'd do it. I really would.

(Second Vision / 5 Crosby Street, Fifth Floor / New York, N.Y. 10013)—Brian

### GREEN RIVER—"Rehab Doll"

Seattle men make good with Stooges-cum-Die Kreuzen r & r. I don't hear anything quite as raucously satisfying as some of the songs on their "Dry as a Bone" 12". I really want to like this more than I do, but it's difficult. If this band really opened up and let loose, shit they'd be deadly. As usual, the SubPop graphics are excellent. Booger-green vinyl, too.

(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)—Brian

### THE GRIM—"Fear Of Betrayal"

I kind of feel sorry for these guys. They put out a pretty decent 12" about 4 years ago, but it got almost no attention because of the Mystic Records "Kiss O' Death". Yes, they were unfortunate enough to be on the same



label as Manifest Destiny, Killroy, and even Scared Straight. It's no wonder no one cared about them! But there's good news: They've severed the ties with Mystic and they've continued writing, in relative obscurity, the same sort of tunes that made them the not-so-bad band that they once were. That may sound sarcastic, but I mean it. I really do like a lot of their songs. I like that grindy guitar sound, sometimes with the weird time signatures, and the singer who still sounds like a confused little kid. This is some pristine shit, and I don't know of any other band that sounds like The Grim. (Alchemy / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)—Brian

### HIGH CIRCLE—"Out Of Darkness"

When our friend Giuliano, drummer of High Circle, was out here last year, we treated him pretty well. We showed him around, we took him out for pizza, and we were polite to him...all this in spite of the fact that he made love to all our girlfriends and devastated our lives. Heck, we're not as petty as people think we are. We had a unique way of looking at the lad. We knew that he was just a traveller in a foreign land, that he was still learning, still growing. We respected him for what he was: a drummer in a hardcore band. Now we are pleased to see that our patience and hospitality have paid off for young Giuliano; he and his band have grown beyond simple music and simple sentiments. This is a good record. It is mature, melodic rock music which makes me feel good when I listen to it. This music should appeal to many people, and that is not bad. That is good. High Circle even thanks Ink Disease's own Thomas Siegel on it's record sleeve.

From Thomas: "You are welcome, Giuliano and High Circle. You are welcome." (Subcore Records / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)—Brian

### ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS—"Globe of Frogs"

Shame on you if you haven't heard some of the cuts on this album by now. This is great stuff. This record gives a dark, eclectic view of reality proving that Hitchcock is the fringe prophet of our time. His songs are so packed with meaning that you might burst a blood vessel listening to these tunes. Buy it or live in ignorance. ( ??? )—Flint

### NEYMOON KILLERS—"Turn Me On"

Man, if you think I'm some kind of sucker for death rock then fuck you. This is good stuff. When I'm constipated I'm in a bad mood, and there's something this band does for me that puts me back into the swing of things. The tunes can actually be effectively used as a mild cathartic. They've added a second guitar and pumped up the sound a bit...not that they were in any way anemic or watery to begin with. But I swear this ain't some deep-throated dork singin' about death like some foul Sisters of Mercy offal, this is real heavy rockandroll in body and spirit. Long may this stuff exist. (Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, NJ 07088)—Brian

### HR—"Human Rights"

Imagine the worst elements of the Bad Brains collated onto one LP. Blow me Jah! (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Brian

### TH' INBRED—"Kissin' Cousins"

The cover looks like some kind of neo-Pee Wee Herman movie still. The music, though, seems to belong in another jacket. The shifting-gear bass and vocals, from faster racket to slower drawls, remind me of the Minutemen, as do the straight forward p.c lyrics. But maybe straight forward is too kind a word here; too often, this album degenerates into tiring sermons—the lazy point of the finger poking away at poseur anarchists, drug testing, technology, big brother, etc. (as if they were listening?) Most of the time the instrumentals crank along metallic waves of distortion and minor hooks speeded up to sound like thrash. There's one rap track about crack—what else! The music isn't that bad, really; just put the lyric sheet away and turn the volume down. (Toxic Shock Records / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85753)—Chris

### INDESTRUCTIBLE NOISE COMMAND—"Razorback"

This album has good production all around except for the guitar sound, which is too thin. Too bad, because there are a lot of good interesting riffs on this record. But the weak sound takes away the heaviness of them.

"Razorback" suffers from what most thrash albums suffer from, clichéd lyrics, and an amazing resemblance to old Metallica songs (or new Metallica songs, the song "Anarchy" could pass for a bad version of "Master of Puppets"). There are some good songs, though— "Grip of Death," "War Not Words," and the best song of all being "Fear," which features some different riffs and cool tempo changes. There's good guitar playing by Erik Barath and the band shows great potential. Perhaps if they work on their own style and a better sound, their next album will be better.

(Dutch East / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570)—R. Rangal.

### INSTED—"Bonds of Friendship"

They say they were influenced by Minor Threat, 7 Seconds, and Uniform Choice. Well, it sounds more like they ripped these bands off (this happens all the time; so what?). They didn't even have the decency to do a good job. Hey, you can call me a prude (or an asshole) for saying this, but I really hate it when a singer gets the idea that "punk" has to consist of gibberish for vocals. True, there have been a great number of bands where the singer sings real fast and the focus is not on overall production values (you aren't supposed to dig the meaning from the lyrics, y'know), but c'mon.... This guy doesn't even fucking try. For all I know the band's jamming and the singer has a generator attached to his balls with the band taking turns lighting him up. This is bullshit. Don't waste your money.

(Wishingwell/Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)—Bag

### INSTIGATORS—"Shockgun"

Although rumor of abundant metallic inclinations temporarily deterred me from listening to this, a morose curiosity soon prevailed. Upon inspection, I found said gossip to be primarily untrue. Instead of today's wimp rock "metal" crud, listener is treated to a sound not unlike "Heaven and Hell"-era Sabbath, which I tend to like. Flawless execution of song, perfect production and general "awareness" coupled with excellent graphics (beautifully simple—Flipside's most inspiring package along with Detox LPs) make this an LP to be admired. If I were in this band, I couldn't have been happier with it: it sounds good, looks good...the photo of me would've even been good—something I haven't achieved since age 6. (Flipside Records / PO Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)—Brian

### IT CAME FROM CANADA—"Volume 3"

D.K., Colored Jerry, Grusome Mangol Condos, Voodoo Hornets, Houston Commandments! 15 jokes from Canada sludgebillying in front of yapping audiences downing one too many Goldens and blues. If you're a collector of horrible greats, this is Canada's version of K-Tel. (Og Music / Box 182, Station F / Montreal, Quebec, CANADA H3J 2L1)—Stephanie

### IT CAME FROM THE GARAGE II—Compilation

A compilation of the latest and pretty great in trash; includes surf, rockabilly, 60's punk, Cramps influenced trash, and just plain trash. Sound quality is a little uneven, and the Elvis Hitler trax aren't up to their scorching album, but in general this compilation is a good sampling of trashy bands from who the fuck knows where. The best songs are by the Gories, Nine Pound Hammer, and Artpag. Skip the Sanke Out track. Special mention must go to the "Jerry Vile" track "Rootin' Tootin'," which manages to insult just about everyone, being totally racist, sexist, and homophobic. (Wang Head Records / 19620 Wahrman Rd. / New Boston, MI 48164)—Mark

### JANDEK—"You Walk Alone"

Who the hell are you? Each record you appear in some fuzzy black and white photo, with no information on the cover. You are living mystery to the music world, and somewhere in your secret bat cave you produce millions of musical mantras, only to secretly release them to the world. Are you paid by the CIA, KGB, Mossad, Khadaffi, Muddy Waters, Bruce Lee, Marilyn Monroe, Jim Morrison, or Buddha? Come out, come out— we know your conspiracy is real (only if we knew what it was). We want to worship your little reverb guitar riffs and your meandering drum beats. We want to bow down in worship to your polyester bellbottoms and your secret society to overthrow BB King. (Corwood Industries / Box 15375 / Houston, Texas 77020)—Ant

### DAVID JAVELOSA & BABBY



### **BUDDHA-"Everyone Is My Age"**

I took my Chrome records and threw them into a microwave, and out came a synthesized mantra. It floated into my kitchen through an eclectic space, and divided itself into a spattering of cult heroes. They took my statue of Buddha and pissed all over it. Then, without a warning, the elitists reconverged into a sonic pixie which entered my stereo. What follows remains a mystery, for I stood passed out, and when I awoke, a scarecrow stood where my stereo had been. Pinned to the scarecrows' head was David Javelosa's face. And I knew that Buddha—well, you know—the god-lives in Russia now. (Hyperspace Communications / 1005 Fifth Street / Santa Monica, CA 90403)—Ant

### **JFA-"Nowhere Blossoms"**

There was a time when "Arizona's Best" didn't mean the state police. It was a time when Southwestern hardcore was ruled by the cynically named band, Jody Foster's Army. I have not heard many of the releases between their first single and their latest album, the group's seventh release. JFA's sound has matured into a more sedate musical groove. This can only mean one thing: it is uninspiring. There is no new ground broken here, although my respect for the band remains. Two cuts defy criticism, nonetheless, titled "Turkey in UFO" and "Signifying Monkey". The first is a surreal patchwork of noise similar to the space scene on the Halloween sound effects album we all nursed on as children. The latter is sung by a brother from Chicago, wailing about the oddball antics of a bunch of crazed animals. It is unfortunate that the two songs that are most unlike any of the album's material prove to be the only interesting cuts. (Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ 85063)—Ant

### **SYLVIA JUNCOSA-"Nature"**

The former guitarist of To Damascus has generated an eclectic compilation of material, ranging from folk ballads to variable-tempo psychomental thrash. She knows how to get a fingernails-on-chalkboard screech out of her wah pedal, and she can fling her fingers with the velocity of the best speedmetalists (the cut "Lick My Pussy, Eddie Van Halen" attempts to demonstrate this). She also has a soft touch, showing up in the simple progressions she plays on acoustic guitar (very Jefferson Airplane), and also in her wavering emotional vocals (note to Sylvia: please include lyric sheet next time). The strongest songs are "Marked For Life" and "Tower of Ashes", each held together by simple compelling guitar lines in unusual scales. Altogether this album plays like the soundtrack of a film in which a dejected, down-and-out Joni Mitchell revenges herself on the world by joining Megadeath (not without bringing her acoustic guitar, though).

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Andrew Clay

### **THE JUNK MONKEYS-"Firehouse"**

First there was the Sex Beatles. Now there's the Junk Monkeys. Here's some straight forward Rock and Roll with plenty of

energy to back it up. There's lots of production too, so there's a full sound, although alot of the edge is lost. I dig the Generation X guitar sound.

(Happy Face Records / P.O. Box 2660 / Dearborn, MI 48123)—Flint

### **A.R. KANE-"Sixty Nine"**

The cover looks like some rare sea shell silkscreen. The sleeve is a pretty blue which complements the grey and white cover. It's from San Francisco and Bryan Ferry style lettering on the back lists heavily conceptual songs like "spanish quay," "spermwhale tripper," and "the madonna is with child," (all of course in lower case letters). The vinyl exudes moody motifs, spacey vocals, heavy reverb, a moaning cello, some catchy hooks and a slew of sound effects. All the trimmings of a new age- let's take M.D.M.A., burn some pachouli and attempt astral projection. Obviously not an area I'm particularly partial to.

And yet I find myself occasionally playing this album—both sides. There's something here even a close-minded cynic like me can't help appreciating.

(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth St. / San Francisco, CA 94103)—chris

### **KILLDOZER-"Little Baby Buntin'"**

Here we go again. Killdozer has belched out another collection of heartwarming ballads and it's even more tender than the last batch. These guys are incredibly predictable, unchanging except for slight variations in lyrical content. This time it's cysts, fire victims and even a Neil Diamond cover. These songs are funny (if not hilarious) the first couple times through but it wears thin after that. This is due to the fact that they haven't got the tunes to back up the comedic sentiments, which is too bad. I hear they're amazing live.

(Touch And Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)—Brian

### **KING SNAKE ROOST-"From Barbarism To Christian Manhood"**

Like the colossal Australian "road trains", King Snake Roost instills a "get-the-hell-out-of-the-way" feeling in you. Even if you don't get directly hit, the resulting wind gust is likely to hurl you into a boulder, inducing splitskull. The never-ending beat, the hypnotically repetitive bass notes, and the growl-growl-growling of sideburned singer (who occasionally doubles on harp) have got to leave you wanting more. This is noisy urban jungle music. Abundance of good records actually sent to us this year truly makes me feel like the music fan I claim to be. I cling to this band's music like a fly on dingo shit.

(For info send S.A.S.E. or IRC's to Bruce G. c/o Aberrant Records / Box A566 / Sydney South / 2000 Australia)—Brian

### **KNIFEDANCE-"Who Then is Sane"**

There's really not too much happening on this 4 song 12" from Ohio. Knifedance play bland punk rock with no hooks to make me want to give it a second listen. The recording is really flat, with the music too low and the vocals too loud. Their name is cool, and

the cover is what caught my eye, but like I said, this isn't second listening material. There's nothing worse than mediocrity with a bad production.

(\$5.00 ppd. (\$6.00 overseas) to: Knifedance / P.O. Box 44302 / Cleveland, OH 44144)—Morgan

### **LAUGHING HYENAS-"Merry Go Round"**

Imagine: demonic plastic horses on a merry-go-round, moving faster and faster—then it stops. The timeless point between the roaring of a merry-go-round gone haywire, and the silent relief you feel after it stops, is the space through which the Laughing Hyenas enter the world. Out of it comes the hideous screams of John Brannon and the hellish guitar riffs of Larissa Strichland. Actually, as guitar sound goes these days, the Laughing Hyenas are simplistic in the tradition of the Cramps, but are still outlandishly vocal in the hardcore tradition. Brannon is a class A screamer, wailing about cryptic Western fantasies of six-shooters and meeting death eye to eye. This album could almost be the sound track to an X-rated western, as drunken outlaws confront their existential date with the silent effigies of Clint Eastwood and David Carradine.

(Touch And Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)—Ant

### **LEMONHEADS-"Creator"**

The Lemonheads is not a band that can be easily dismissed, for their latest album presents many tendencies worth noting. It's hard to figure if this band will become a trashy pop group, or a sophisticated power ensemble. Side one represents the tendency best suited for my ears, with many intelligently written songs along the lines of Husker Du, Dinosaurs Jr., and Dain Bramage. There is one cut sounding remarkably like a Charles Manson song (credited to "No Name Maddox"). This seems like a ploy to hide from their parents their interest in the unlucky fellow. I hope your mom sees this! Side two is a lot more pop oriented and basically ruins the mood of side one. Some of the songs remind me of typical Seventies rock ("Plaster Caster", a Kiss cover that is bland and uninteresting, and "Postcard"). If the Lemonheads can drop the dangerous pop tendency and stick to their harder edge, they may become a well respected band instead of being dismissed as another "120 Minutes" potential.

(Taang Record / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)—Ant

### **LIGHTNING-"Lightning Strike (Mother-fucker London)"**

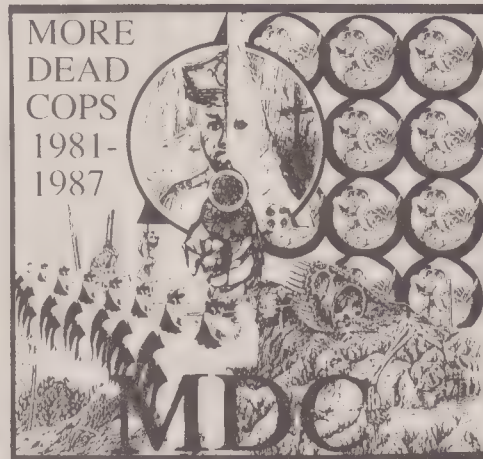
This is the most ridiculous Clash ripoff I've ever heard. These guys act like they discovered rebellion. They glorify the "youth" as if it never existed until they defined it. The lyrics utilize militaristic imagery as metaphors for guitars and rock music. This is a sad casualty of the Clash's combination of pop culture and political imagery. For all their jackboots, leather jackets, biker glasses, and night club haircuts, these guys could not spark a bic lighter, let alone a youth revolution. The following liner notes indicate



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the pettiness of their self glorification: "Dressed and hungry as hell, Lightning to the street with their rap 'n' roll attack." I'd like to see them say this to Public Enemy. It might do them some good.

(RCA Records / 6363 Sunset Blvd. / Hollywood, CA 90028-7318)—Ant

## **LIGHTNING—"Lightning Strike (Mother-fucker London)"**

Well, I am not one to try and be so objective about music that I will not take a stand. I don't like this band's music. Here are my reasons: (1) The album's cover looks like every other metal band's, that my first impression was a negative one (oh, christ not more of the this shit), (2) they sound so much like The Clash circa "Combat Rock" (not so bad, but can't someone in the genre do something original?), that I was constantly irritated by the fact that they are not that good, and finally (3) every song sounds exactly like the last one (no fooling, each and every song sounds exactly like the last one). It's not bad music, but it completely disinterests me. If you are really hurting for a band that sounds like The Clash but isn't quite that good, I guess you could buy this album.

(RCA Records / 6363 Sunset Blvd. / Hollywood, CA 90028-7318)—Bag

## **M.D.C.—Millions of Damn Christians—"This Blood's For You."**

One of the best album titles I've heard in a while. This album's a thrashing blast at the single biggest source of hypocrisy known to man: organized religion. All put to the happy speedy punk rock we've all grown to love.

(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)—Flint

## **M.D.C.—"More Dead Cops 1981-1987"**

It's kind of refreshing to hear these old guys again. I've never been a big fan of this group's gut level music, but their standards get right to the point. Songs like "John Wayne Was a Nazi," "Radioactive Chocolate," and "Chicken Squawk" highlight the best of this band's sharp political tyrades and are worth having in your collection. Any band that was one of the original Texas punk groups is worth your interest.

(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)—Thomas

## **ROGER MILLER—"Oh. guitars, etc..."**

While I infinitely admire Roger Miller's amazing works in Mission of Burma, the far-out experimentation of this LP leaves me in the dark. Roger plunges headlong into guitar noise action, only now there's no backbeat, no pulsating bass work, no...blah. (Forced Exposure / P.O. Box 1611 / Waltham, MA 02254)—Brian

## **MISFITS—"Walk Among Us"**

Let's face it: The moronic cognoscenti of headbanging would never have even considered listening to the Misfits if their mentors in Metallica hadn't done some strategic namedropping. These "metalheads" have been told, in essence, "It's okay to like the Misfits. We like them. No one will think less of you if you buy Misfits records and thrash your head to them." Ergo, a Misfits revival is upon us. Hell, they're far more popular

than they ever were when they EXISTED.

But even this idiot-produced revival can't convince me that I dislike this record. It's a GOOD record. It wouldn't be far-fetched to call it a great record, but I won't do that. Hear this record for what it is. Hear it as it was before the revival... before the bogus mystique. Enjoy it. There are a couple of great songs on it. It's a high energy rock and roll record that's guaranteed to satisfy those in search of aggressive loud music, not a religious experience.

(Slash Records / 7381 Beverly Blvd. / Los Angeles, CA 90036)—Brian

## **MOFONGO—"Bugged"**

My first impression was to agree with a comment I had heard about these guys, "this is music that Frank Zappa wishes he could make." With their often crazy, helter skelter approach to music making, one really has to be ready for these guys. They have a way of making social comments and often times those comments are quite biting. Their music fits into no category, and that's good. They are not predictable (like oh-so-many bands today) and they kind of sound like XTC covering The Fall (if you need a comparison). Their music is not hard, per se, but I think we're all mature enough nowadays to not have to listen to loud dissonance only. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Bag

## **MORE FIENDS—"Yo Asphalt Head"**

Not since the Buttholes burst out of punk did I hear a band make a significant departure from the glib sounds of contemporary



indie music. Before I heard the **More Fiends** (morphine?), I was on the verge of drowning into a din of dog shit produced by so-called alternative bands. **More Fiends** combine such a wide variety of influences, it's hard to pin their sound down. Crass, BH, Suckers, Minutemen, Minor Threat, Saccharine Trust, and any early hardcore. Each song rips my jaded ears off, piece by piece, and reshapes them into Marcel Duchamp's asphalt head. Man, these fiends stole my brain and replaced it with slug juice. This is one of the best of '88. No shit!

(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106-5075)---Ant

### MOTHER TONGUE-"Open Obscurity"

This record is like looking out at the world from the butt of a cigarette. It makes me feel like I'm in a metal cylinder, the sides being occasionally bent on with the sound waves ringing endlessly. Side one is called "Geelgalayah," which is supposed to be a manifestation of the relationship between metals, words, and their correspondence to astrology. Side two, with its dynamic combining percussion and voice, was musically more interesting. All in all, it's like an industrial spiritual experience (Wow man, ed).---Stephanie

### MUCKY PUP-"Can't You Take A Joke?"

Best described as a cross between the Beastie Boys and Slayer with a bit of Bad Brains thrown in. The topics tackled range from A.I.D.S. and Reagan to war and the IRS, showing that the lads have a lot on their minds. The incredibly awful lyrics and music do mar the album a wee bit, but this does afford the opportunity of unlimited room to improve, something some bands never achieve. The insert proudly proclaims that they wrote and performed one side of the flexi included in the latest Bloom County Book, which sold 800,000 copies-roughly the same as the last Metallica album. This is one band that should be content to rest on its laurels.

(Second Vision Inc. / 5 Crosby St., Fifth Floor / New York, N.Y. 10013)---Mark

### MY DOG POPPER-"688 Neighbor of the Beast"

Their "white elephant" of a cover is enough to turn anyone off. Scratchy vocals and a slap happy general grind are pasted to a vast array of musical styles (maybe anti-styles), sure to bring them a big money deal. Lots of banter, ala Tesco of the Meatmen, is banded about making fun of every part of the music industry (a deserving target), from

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rap to rockstars and more. Hell, their imitation of Wattie and the Exploited on "Pusheads a Wanker" is a riot (at least the first time around). Other songs like "Green Eggs and Ham" don't leaven quite as well. (Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)---Thomas

### NAKED RAYGUN-"Jettison"

We all expect so much of these guys. "Throb Throb" was a PERFECT LP. "All Rise" was a PERFECT LP. I hate to say it, but "Jettison" is not a perfect LP. Phew, it's got it's share of great songs, but the bottom end of the NR sound spectrum got lost somewhere on the mixing room floor. My only other complaint is the cover which, at least to this reporter, seems sub-standard for NR. The musical approach on a few songs, as "The Mule" (which sounds more like a Meatmen song than an NR song), is a more streamlined rock approach. But the bulk of "Jettison" is pure Naked Raygun, and we at Ink Disease will be the last people on Earth to gripe about that, for we like this band a lot. (Caroline Records / 5 Crosby Street / New York, NY 10013)---Brian

### THE NILS-"The Nils"

You've got stacks of Husker Du and Replacements records, do you? Throw this Nils record in that pile, cos they play that same sort of "alternative" rock (in other words, if you tune in to college radio you should hear them sooner or later). It all sounds extremely lackluster until you've

heard it several times and then the goodness starts to creep out. You've got to give it a chance, and it's worth the giving. Crystal clear production courtesy of Chris Spedding.

(Profile Records / 740 Broadway / New York, NY 10003)---Brian

### NIXON'S HEAD-"Traps, Buckshot & Pelt"

"Wow! So, this is pop music." (These are) the kind of lyrics that remind you that Nixon had an empty head. If you're moved by REM, Let's Active, the Bongos & maybe the Dream Syndicate, it will echo through your own empty head, and help you forget about your burnt nose hairs. (Head House / 4432 Silverwood St. / Philadelphia, PA 19127)---Stephanie Oxely

### NO AGE-"A Compilation of SST instrumental music"

I remember a time when SST could do no wrong. Their first thirty or so releases included only a few disappointments. Now the tables have turned and we're looking desperation in it's eye. Now, it seems, things are so bad at SST that they've seen fit to repackage various songs on "concept" LPs. There's Black Flag's "Wasted...Again" (a "party LP"), the "Annihilator" metal comp, and this one, a double LP comprised entirely of instrumentals. The caption for this one states, "Where there is nothing, anything can happen. Welcome to...NO AGE." What a joke! This devil-may-care attitude is nowhere more obvious than in the music of Paper Bag. They carry on the Octoberfaction tradition of "improvisational music". In other words, what they play now has never been played before. The result is crappy beyond belief. Maybe if you smoked enough pot or dropped enough acid you'd dig this "sympiotic interplay", but your more ardent audiophiles just aren't going to care for it. I don't see how SST has the resources to release all this crap and still exist. They've gotta lose money. What I mean to say is, how many dunderheads are going to buy an AlterNatives LP? The time has long since passed to purchase a record simply because it's on SST.

And this retro-'70s crap must go. I thought punk rock originally came about to shitcan the early '70s self-indulgence that was hard rock. This kind of stuff is taking us right back into that crud. Where did we go wrong, Ward? (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Brian

### NO MEANS NO-"The Day Everything Became Nothing"

NoMeansNo's first LP was a beautifully haunting bass/drums/vocals masterpiece.



Soon enough they got louder and faster, and now we hear them slow things down again (but just a little). If you asked me, I'd tell you they're in a better groove than they were on "Sex Mad". Now the riffs are catchier, and the lyrics are so thoughtful that they could easily pass for "spoken word" material. Take "What Slayde Says": "he is secretive, ruthless and cold, he mentions just enough and leaves the rest untold..." These guys rhyme their lyrics so well it's unreal. When most bands rhyme lyrics it sounds stupid. Most bands aren't NoMeansNo. Hell, they aren't even close. And musicianship? Rob Wright gives you the flatulent early Stranglers bass sound, you get the relentless drumming of John Wright (when I saw him play drums my jaw dropped to the floor) and the lunatic facial antics of that other guy. What was his name? Andrew. What a nice bunch of lads. It's their evil twins that worry me.  
(Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)—Brian/Thomas

#### THE OPHELIAS—"Oriental Head"

Remember Queen in their early days? They were kinda' weird with a sort of a medieval sound? Now, combine that with a little Marc Bolan and Syd Barrett, and you have the Ophelias. The versatility of this band is impressive, with it's use of a trumpet, fiddle, mouth organ, pionofoorte, synthesizer, flute, orchestral bells, and assorted other traditional rock instruments. The compositions combine intelligent songwriting with sophisticated production. A drawback is a silliness combined with a tendency to overindulge into boring instrumentals. There is a great deal of different sounds going on in the various cuts which make each listen a unique experience.  
(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth Street / San Francisco, CA 94103)—Ant

#### OUTCROWD—"New Music Solution"

Outcrowd have a good distortion sound, which is full and sometimes very likeable. Bands such as M.I.A. and Naked Raygun come to mind on songs like "I Underground" and "Without words." They are catchy and powerful enough to satisfy the younger listener yet most of the lyrics are above average. Maybe not as good as the Crowd, but deserving of a few good spins.  
(Rivet Records / P.O. Box 916 / Lesington Park, MD 20653)—Thomas

#### PAINTED BIRDS—"Green and Peaceful World"

I guess the title says it all. Slightly tuneful retro-60's pop, with inane, but well-meaning lyrics

(I definitely could have done without the lyric sheet). Probably a swell bunch of guys, nice to their moms etc., but I have absolutely no use for this record.  
(Absolute-A-Go-Go Records / 88 Prospect Ave. / Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675)—Mark

#### PAINTED WILLIE—"Relics"

It is shameful that a mediocre garage band would take the title from one of rock's greatest albums, and use it themselves. Syd Barrett's ghost would roll in it's grave if it were dead. I can't tell if this is supposed to be a greatest hits (a la K-Tel). Frankly, I didn't find anything "great" about this album at all. Repetitiveness is a polite term to describe most of the tracks. Looking at the credits, it

appears that most of the instruments were played by one guy, thus making this more of a solo stint than a group effort. I have never seen Painted Willie, but I have heard of their live intensity. If there is such an intensity, why have the producers failed to capture it on the disk?  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

#### PAPER BAG—"A Land Without Fences"

Paper Bag play, as the sleeve advertises, improvised music, and nothing but improvised music. Improvised "Rock" music definitely can produce inspiring results (long live Can and Faust), but I think problems tend to arise when it's a band's main calling

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## AND SHELL SPIN!



card. Frankly this album didn't do a whole helluva lot for me, due in part to its close proximity to formless jamming (improv's evil other self). The album also may be too eclectic for its own good (everything from free jazz to progressive rock), lending a directionless tone. In the end, this is somewhat interesting, but unmoving and boring in places (Great OP-ART sleeve though). (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Mark

#### PARADE—"Love and War"

Convincing myself that I like this record has proved a formidable task...I still haven't done it. This LP is almost devoid of aggressive energy. I'd like it if it didn't sound so...well, nice. C'mon...if I had friends that spoke the way Ray Lujan sings, I'd do anything I could to piss them off just so they'd stop sounding so damned NICE! This music is best suited for collegiate radio. It hasn't the guts to offend people yet it's too underground to receive any mainstream attention. I almost want to feel sorry for these guys, but I know that ain't right. Mind you, this isn't bad if you like nice. (D.R.R. / P.O. Box 1104 / Concord, CA 94522)—Brian

#### PATO BANTON—"Never Give In"

Pretty minor pop/reggae, aided on one track by Rankning General Public Roger. Pretty decently done, but an overall sameness to most of the tracks, and an overly commercial sound make for a not very inspiring record. (Primitive Man/IRS/MCA / 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608)—Mark Walker

#### PELL MELL—"The Bumper Crop"

An instrumental record with occasional allusions to psychedelia & surf guitar, unlike their SST counter parts, Saccharine Trust, the album lacks a certain meatiness. However, if one sees merits in the Martin Denny genre of music, this may smit your style. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Stephanie

#### P.M.S.—"Pre Mental Syndrome"

Pre Mental Syndrome is an all women's metal rock band on Buy Our Records. (They have) a book store of lyrics including cheap paperbacks, and references to literary classics, such as 1984. The most musically complete track is "Dog," because of the sophisticated guitar work. (Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, NJ 07088)—Ant

#### PROUDFLESH—"Power Broker"

I was mildly disappointed by this effort of ex-Crucifix members Sothira and James Schmith. The lyrics retain the intensity of Crucifix, but still remain in the naive bitching about governments, and do not offer any significant insights about human behavior. It may not be fair to judge Proud flesh on their affiliation with Crucifix, but I can't help but be disappointed by their transition from a hard, powerful edge to a rehash of boring heavy metal riffs and drums laden with reverb.

There is very little originality in this production, so I fail to see the point of this band's message. Are we coming to an age of guitar masturbation once again? (Wired Gnome Records / P.O. Box 146675)—Ant

#### THE RAPP PATROL—"The Rapp Patrol"

What, hate these guys? In my mind they don't even exist. (C.I.T.S. Records Corp. / P.O. Box #2544 / Baton Rouge, LA 70821)—Brian

#### RAPEMAN—"Budd"

We all know Steve Albini is a So. Cal. native, and under that tranquil veneer he's one of us, Dudes! I mean, this was supposed to be titled "Let's party, Bud," but they didn't want to stir up too much controversy. The band strictly avoids, at all costs, any mention of painful subjects, such as "R. Budd Dwyer, the embezzling Pennsylvania treasurer who blew his brains out at a press conference announcing his conviction." The lads will shy away from anything resembling a bizarre Japanese comic book by the name of man. These boys have never used a four letter word in their lives. They probably go to Sunday school twice a week. "Nice boys," you say, "but what about their music?" It is also as pure and clean as virgin snow. (Touch and Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)—Thomas

#### REDLORRY

##### YELLOWLORRY—"Nothing Wrong"

I figured these guys for just another post-Joy Division gloom band from Blimey. Seeing them open for the Stranglers last year all but put me to sleep. Now we get their record and I realize that yes, they do sound a hell of a lot like Joy Division, but what separates RLYL from other JD clone bands is their ability to write short songs. For this they are listenable. It's actually enjoyable to hear 7 or 8 different three-minute songs on one side of a record than to hear 4 five-minute narcolepsy-inducing dirges. (RCA / Beggars Banquet Records)—Brian

#### RIFLE SPORT—"White, Made In France."

Definitely one of the top records I've recieved this issue. Edgy cutting guitars propel a very strong musical charge. They've got the power and the angst, but they also build the melody into their songs. The breaks keep you off balance and steady progression keeps you transfixed. Play loud

and this is bordering on the fantastic (White vinyl to boot). (Ruthless Records / P.O. Box 1458 / Evanston, IL 60204)—Thomas

#### THE RUB—"Bikini Gospel"

These guys are from San Pedro, that little section of LA City that was created to prevent Los Angeles from being landlocked. How can The Rub have existed for several years, yet be as unknown as they are? I've never heard of them playing live. The first song on the LP, "Death of Pop", sucked me right in. For some reason it sounds like the Cure if the Cure were a good band. It's a sad song. Shit, I don't want to hear about the farmers getting bent over by the bankers, or the basic fibers of morality being stripped from America, or any of that stuff but these guys sure got me thinking about it. The other songs are varied, some are moronic, some loud and mean. It really makes it fun to listen to a record and hear different types of songs, all by the same band. I wish these guys would get out of their garage and play some live shows. Hell, LA needs more bands that are worth seeing. Excuse me...did I say "more"? I didn't mean to. (Happy Squid Records / P.O. Box 94565 / Pasadena, CA 91109-4565)—Brian

#### RUN WESTY RUN—"Hardly Not Even"

Based in Minneapolis, Run Westy Run can't run away from the dog of crossover music. Although "crossover" refers to hardcore bands crossing over into heavy metal or rock, in this situation, it is a case of an "underground" band crossing over into the mere accessible realm of pop. Musically, this band is grounded solidly into the

# RIFLE SPORT



melancholy genre of "heavy" 70's rock, while still retaining a mild underground edge, the music is almost a naive search through loneliness. Unmistakably, though, a legitimate sincerity permeates this music, reinforced by an impressive melodic sense.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant



**SAFE AS HOUSES—"Safe As Houses"**  
More college radio bullshit. All these bands have to have band names that are completely inaccessible. Why the fuck would you name your band Safe As Houses? (Why not?) Whatever. This is harmonic, soft-spoken vocals crud. I'm glad this is an EP, I couldn't have suffered more than the thirteen minutes that I shook my head through. Pity those that like this. They are the true unfortunates of the world.  
(D.L.E. Records / P.O. Box 1992 / Brick, N.J. 08723)—Bag

**SAINT VITUS—"Mournful Cries"**  
You know what my main problem with this band is? It's the fact that all their promo mentions Black Sabbath. Okay, certain similarities are there, but the same could be said for almost any "black metal" band (I use that term loosely). They have a style all their own; I'm not quite sure I really like it, but it's basically good. The overall quality of the album is okay. The new singer sounds bored; I'm not sure if that was the desired effect but it started boring me. Don't get me wrong, I basically like the band, and the improvements that need to be made are with the engineers at the studio. Overall, the album is so laid back, almost comatose, that I don't think it's what I really need right now, but for those fans who can't do without, pick it up.  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Bag

**SAVAGE REPUBLIC—"Jamahiriya"**  
As ever, Savage Republic pounds and pounds away. Don't get me wrong, I've always liked this band; it's just that all that brilliance sometimes came padded with downright monotonous noise. Here though it's pure brilliance. With what may be their best album yet, no space is spared for periods of aimless battle. There's too much going on here for that. Too many wild clammers, singing cymbals, strange echoes, layered vocals, spooky organs, mantras, funky bass riffs, even a couple of Sonic Youth-sounding passages. And it all fits—jeeze! Jamahiriya is an assault, too imaginative to succumb to any signs of battle fatigue. The burning orange and red landscape across the album cover reminds me of one of their desert gigs two or three years back, somewhere in the California desert (or was it the Red Sea?)—a gig I can only imagine and fondly recall since I wasn't there.  
(Fundamental Records / P.O. Box 2309 / Covington GA 30209)—chris

**SERIAL KILLERS—"Roadside Rendezvous"**  
You've got to admire a band that writes songs like "Dead Bitch Lying in the Ditch," or, "Love Letter to Jamie Lee Curtis," a singer who claims, "I don't need drugs and I don't need chicks! I'm living for a new kind of kick... Got a set of Ginsu knives I ordered on t.v. ... I'm a serial killer—got a retard cousin likes to help me get the job done." On the other hand, you don't have to admire them at all. It's your life. If you get a chance do check out the album cover; it's... well... it's something else.

(Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)—chris

**THE SHAVED PIGS—"Cheers!"**  
The damn post office warped this sucker making track #1 inaudible. No matter, everything else is sufficiently warped enough to make this minor defect unnoticeable. Because of a lack of professionalism and the adolescent lyrical content, I felt optimistic that there are still New York bands that don't take themselves too seriously. This album will humor your corn dog jazz-core sound.  
(Porcine Records / P.O. Box 888 / New York, NY 10024)—Ant

**SHORT DOGS GROW—"Matt Dillon"**  
I was surprised to find the Short Dogs playing an almost alternative commercial American sound not unlike the Replacements with a lot of diverse influences, which only show up indirectly. The vocals are harsh, a bit affected, as well as slurred. Their song writing is very well developed and tunes are filled with great chunky melodies. Most of the songs take on ballad forms and are given an extra punch by well placed keyboards, slide guitar, sax, and backing vocals. Well worth the bones especially if you crave the big sky, and wide open spaces of the Southwest.  
(Rough Trade Records / 326 Sixth Street / San Francisco, CA 94103)—Thomas

**SLAMMIN' WATUSIS—"Slammin' Watusis"**  
On the first track this guy proclaims "Won't sell out...we don't care about having a hit."  
Hey guy, isn't it a bit late for this type of talk? You're on Epic. Where has it gotten you? Now you have a dozen new records in the 99c bin at Aron's. But I guess you're happy, because you still don't have a hit.  
Hey CBS, how about sending some Stranglers' records our way?  
(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)—Brian

**THE SOCIAL CLUB—"Flogging Peasants"**  
I should be embarrassed liking this kind of mainstream stuff. Traces of Jane's Addiction, Jazz Butcher, Robert Smith—other mainstreamers (I also like). There's variety here; Social Club tries out different things and pull off most of it. I especially like one tune with Hawaiian reverb atop a wire on skins shuffle behind Sunday-afternoon-blues 'bout how, "it started on a beach in France... ended in romance... It doesn't mean much but it makes a good song," winding down with a harmonica tootin train whistles. Sometimes this kind of stuff just wipes me out; I'm sorry. If you can stomach this, you might be able to appreciate a good album.  
(Petroleum By-Products / 406 S. Bascom Ave., Suite #219 / San Jose, CA 95128)—chris

**SONIC YOUTH—"Master-Dik Beat On the Brat"**  
On side one of this here disc, Sonic Youth

pay homage to the most important American band of the last 15 years, no, not Anvil Bitch, or even John Cougar, but the Ramones. And surprisingly enough, a pretty straight ahead and crankin' version of "Beat On the Brat." Side two on the other hand is a 20 minute tribute to filler and noise. A worthy item for even us non-collectors.  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Steve

**SOUND GARDEN—"Screaming Life" E.P.**  
Lame Honey Dripper clones, that only invoke bad memories. I think most of us are not only glad that the '80s are almost history, but the '70s are nothing to feel nostalgic over.  
(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)—Steve

**SOUND GARDEN—"Kingdom of Come / Swallow My Pride / Fopp" 12" Maxi-Single**  
Sweat filled heat permeating from naked bodies, pouncing aggressively into a sea of blurring flesh. The lights dim, and a cigarette ambience mingles with the steady rhythm of guitarist preachers. "Fopp", the title track, captures this sense of a heavy night club circus. A Zeppelin influence keeps my adolescent memories attached to this heavy disk. Man, it's like real heavy, but, hey dude, rock out.  
P.S. Dub version of said song by Steve Fisk is excellent.  
(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)—Ant

**SPLATCATS—"Feelin' Bitchy"**  
Take Redd Kross, put 'em on the Jersey shore, and whadda ya got: Splat Cats. This disc shows much more musical ability than the other stuff I've heard from these guys, and it still cooks just as much. The thrash content is as high as ever. The title track sums up the mood of the album. In a snit? Want to be? Slap this baby down on your turntable.  
(Celluloid Records / 330 Hudson St, New York, N.Y. 100013)—Flint

**SPIRAL JETTY—"Art's Sand Bar"**  
Spiral Jetty takes an understated approach to music. They have a small sound, with muted tones and pop progressions, that doesn't dare rock. The talented bass playing helps give the songs a creative edge that break away from the mainstream. Unfortunately, the creativity is never fully realized.  
(1-I Meadow Rd. / Princeton, NJ 08540)—Flint

**SPOT—"Picking Up Where I Left Off..."**  
I suppose this is the same SPOT who found his way to California then engineered all those early SST records. The same SPOT who did the Jello Biafra on hellium voice for us at a Husker Du interview, and has now moved back to Texas. Could be. Anyway, this SPOT thought he might as well do something with all that musical equipment that had piled up in his closet. He's got a banjo and a Fiddle, a DX7, and a Clairinet to name



a few. Since he used to do horrible live horn jams with bands like Saccharine Trust I was expecting a lot of experimental nonsense. This is a hit and miss project, but he has more punk rock spirit in the lyrics (talking about society and the "scene") and more cohesiveness of form, folk to rock styles, in the music than I expected. It proves anyone can make a record and it doesn't have to be awful, in fact it can be down right warm and good natured, without being stupid.

(No Auditions / P.O. Box 49767 / Austin, TX 78765)—Thomas

#### STATE-"FALSE POWER"

Although the material here was originally recorded many years back, it is only now being put to vinyl, therefore seeming out of place. "Reign of Terror" is written in that short apocalyptic style of Discharge. Most of the songs have a slow Glenn Danzig type one-sentence-at-time vocal delivery. A well done, but not excitingly original album, showcasing tough midwest hardcore with a Misfits and English Oi influence.

(\$6.00 to THE STATE P.O. 11412 / Ann Arbor, MI 48106)—Tug O' War Siegel

#### STATE OF CONFUSION-"A Street"

Ultra speed builds to a sonic boom as your needle swings around the grooves of the latest release from Idaho's pride and joy. Ah yes, another aggressive distortion attack will satisfy those with a thirst for the modern day hardcore noise. Even if not matching up to their previous "6.3 Million Acre" LP, there is some wonderful tuneage here.

(SubCore Records / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)—Thomas

#### THE STERILES-"On The Rag"

As the title indicates, this is a girl band that likes to sing about menstrual cycles. Apparently women find it really amusing to hear songs about their periods because the women I know have all gotten a chuckle out of this band. I, on the other hand, having been subjected to years of "On the Rag" complaints, find the song frightening in its realism. Enough said on that. Sound-wise, we're talkin a trio with minimal musical ability. Lyric-wise, we're talkin the queens of sophomoric humor.

(Screaming Skull Records / 1034 Elk Grove Ave., #2 / Venice, CA 90281)—Flint

#### STICKDOG-"Human"

At first audible glance, the title "Human" might seem like an inappropriate name for an album that decries the foolishness of domesticated primates. Yet, it is an utterly appropriate title for this highly sincere work. These boys are destined to become a great band, because of their raw intensity. Songs range from painful noise to a quiet ambience, all maintaining an eloquent dissonance. This album is well worth your laundry money, and deserves to be filed in your collection right next to your Sonic Youth records.

(Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)—Ant

#### TAR BABIES-"No Contest"

The Tar Babies fit right into the SST lineup, with their uncommercial funky, jazzy,

blues, punk mish mash. Some of this is, dare I say, happy, with lots of sax action. There's nothing resembling the hardcore roots pulverizing they began with, but hell I like it. Antonio would probably be grooving to it.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Thomas

#### TATER TOTZ-"Alien Sleestacks From Brazil (Unfinished Music Volume 3)"

Like the film, "Imagine," this record was made entirely with Yoko Ono's blessings. The project, spear headed by Pat Chapman Fear of White Flag fame, includes notable members of Redd Kross, The Partridge Family and the Klaus Voorman Ensemble. The record is for those of you that feel Yoko is undoubtedly the talented half of the Lennon family. For this reason alone, I'm sure this disc is going to sell like hotcakes.

(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)—Steve

#### TEN TALL MEN-"Find Your Saint"

Ten Tall Men fit perfectly into the non-category of "post-punk" bands that appeared around '79 or '80. I say "non-category" because I've always found it nearly impossible to categorize bands such as Gang of Four, Mission of Burma, or even Minutemen. How does one describe these bands in five words or less? The spirit may have been considered "punk", yet the musical range and scope of vision was beyond "punk". Ten Tall Men's time signatures remind me of Minutemen or Burma, and visions of Andy Gill's (Gang of Four) slashing guitar spin through my head when listening to "Dominoes". Hopefully TTM can help to fill the void left by the above bands.

(Vacant Lot / box 606 / Red Bank, N.J. 07701)—Brian

#### THE TEXAS INSTRUMENTS-"Sun Tunnels"

In our contemporary culture there is the stereotypical image of the strung out egotistical rocker who is enough of a genius to be a rockstar, but too much of an idiot to tie his or her own shoe. After listening to TI, I get an opposite feeling about these musicians. Friendly, ex-patriot punkers reviving the ghost of Bob Dylan and other folk music is more the speed of TI. Their second release on Rabid Cat, "Sun Tunnel," is minimalistic, utilizing simple guitar riffs and harmonies. There is an ambience that swings gently a mental porch-swing in the warm desert sun of an Austin sunset.

(Rabid Cat Records / P.O. Box 49263 / Austin, TX 78765)—Antonio

#### THESE IMMORTAL SOULS-"Get Lost (Don't Lie)"

I'll call this, music to perpetuate what ails you by. Think of this as a soundtrack for your latest psychosis, neurosis, or halitosis. Or you could capture the spirit by thinking of a love affair gone sour. The airy, dark music (which is quite good) is perfect for holding your head while you rock back and forth dwelling on how miserable you are. Note: you may have to smell nicotine and stale coffee to fully appreciate the mood.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Flint

#### TREACHEROUS

##### JAYWALKERS-"Sunrise"

Four killer songs on this 12". Musically it's hard to describe. This 3-piece has a raw poppy, rockish sound with a heavily experimental edge. Or maybe not. A Minutemen influence can definitely be heard. And what do you know? It's produced by Mike Watt. Great musicianship and the drummer really shreds. Intelligent socially aware lyrics and insane music make this a must for people who like their toast a little burnt and their egggs a little runny. Beware of the Treacherous Jaywalkers!

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Morgan

#### TWICE A MAN-"Driftwood"

Okay, don't try and fool me, buddy. This is new age music. You can't conceal that fact by having a couple of tracks with percussion. What I really hate about new age music is that there's no humor in it. It takes it's self so seriously. Disgusting. In fact, I hate it so much I refer to it as "music to be programmed by." Picture yourself strapped down to a gurney, headphones on, having to listen to this stuff all day long! Agh! What a nightmare. Keep this bullshit away from me. (Xenophone International / Box 2083 S-403 / 12 Goteborg / SWEDEN)—Bag

#### TYPHOON-"Safe Sex"

Hey guys, if four sexily clad babes told you to don a cocksock, you'd probably do it. I know I would. And, as these gals say, it's got to fit "like a leather glove" for maximum protection..... WOW. The rhythmic chants of "Safe Sex" and the hypnotic tribal beat just drove me into a sexual frenzy. I need a cold shower and a dose of salt peter. (1531A 15th Street / San Francisco, CA 94103)—Brian

#### U-MEN-"Step On A Bug"

My jadism cured as U-Men LP heard; latest musical depression on hold. U-growl-guitar-pound-throb-howl makes backhairs erect; makes neuron-synapse gap close; restores clarity, depth of vision, wholeness of mind. U-Men are the vanguard of great LOUD music; Bigley is modern NW yodeler, Cascades' answer to \_\_\_\_\_. This band's phenomenal consistency cannot be ignored, ever! To prolong life: Keep away from British music press leeches! Please! Continue. Please continue! Staff of life.

(Fallout Records / 1506 East Olive Way / Seattle, WA 98122)—Brian

#### UNIVERSAL CONGRESS

##### OF-"Prosperous and Qualified"

Cool. Hip. Beat. Word. Joe Baiza a gang grove into cruise control, take down the top of the convertible, and land into East L.A. with their jive talk and unveil the discourse of slyness. There's nothing uncool about this disk because the horns and guitar synchronize smoothly into rythmical cohesion. Maybe some will say it's a jazz rip off-- many of the melody lines sound like standards-- but that misses the point. If it



feels good, do it. I like the way this one feels, and it's got me on a hook.  
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)—Ant

### UNREST—"Please Say Yes"

Whilst so many young newer bands are attempting to duplicate or reproduce some imagined "DC formula," the bands that are actually in DC are busy building and improving upon their past achievements. If this LP's opening song is a throwback to the DC of '83, then most of the other tracks are headlong plowings into jackhammer punk/jazz/acid experimentation. One gets the distinct impression that Unrest are doing this simply for their own satisfaction, operating on a different wavelength than most of the bands we're familiar with. While some of the songs sound like incomplete jam sessions, I still dig it. This is the real thing.  
(Teen Beat / Box 50255 / Washington, D.C. 20004)—Brian

### VERBAL ASSAULT—"Trial"

It seems certain rumors are circulating around the San Francisco Bay area. Rumors that Ink Disease is "anti-NC". Rumors that half our record reviews are slaggings of hardcore. I just want to say that it's not true. If more so-called "hardcore" bands could find the vigor and vitality of Verbal Assault, I might be able to muster up the energy to dust off my kilt, polish my jackboots and find the key to my neck-chainlock so I could make my re-entry into the so-called "scene". Actually, I wish this would happen. I really do. This would give us old men a chance to teach these circle-slammers how to really slam. And if some "positive" 15-year-old fell down in the middle of the pit, we'd educate him in the ways of the real world. We'd kick his face and step on his hands, just like the old days.

Ah yes, the old days...they don't know about the old days, do they?  
(Dutch East India Trading / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570)—Brian Baltimore

### VOMIT LAUNCH—"Exiled Sandwich"

One could get the opinion that I don't like music. Well, this simply isn't true. I just don't like, no let me clarify, I won't tolerate bad music. This band is self-admittedly bad, and I can't see how that's funny. When there is such a massive amount of good music out there why would ANYONE want to listen to more affected, droning, weirdness-for-the-sake-of-being-weird shit like this. They admit, "...we kept on despite the sense of our own hideousness." Why!? Why not put it to death. The poor fucking thing is lying there on the side of the road bleeding all over it's self; put the miserable thing out of its misery.  
(Rat Box Records / P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927)—Bag

### WAGONEERS—"Stout & High"

Let me first say that I do not like country music at all. This is a country music band. Three strikes you're out of there. But, as I listened to this, (no, idiot, I didn't start to like it) I realized that this album is good for one

reason: it is real country music. Not that bullshit that Kenny Rogers or Dolly Parton bleat out ("I lost my woman; I cry so much at night, my beer overflows..." Disgusting Puke). These guys are from Texas, they sing songs, they are not too pretentious (all country music is pretentious), and for all those who like country, you should definitely like this one.

(A&M Records Inc. / 1416 N. La Brea Avenue / Hollywood, CA 90028)—Bag

### WAR ON THE SAINTS—"War On The Saints"

Spots of speed-metal, semi-thrash-leads, and more melodic moments. String this along whining, sometimes kind-of-mean-vocals, and fast drums. Nothing too original, nothing particularly objectionable either. This album might even be good; I just may have overlooked something (as opposed to overheard, ho-ho).

(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)—chris

### WHITE ZOMBIE—"Soul Crusher"

Perhaps the LOUDEST, HEAVIEST, WICK-EDEST sounding record I have heard in aeons. What an appropriate title!!! God-damn it, you listen to this and you say, "Now this is a fucking guitar band, man!" These folks make Big Black = The Carpenters. You either worship this with every newton of energy you have, or it crushes your ass into a dyne. That's right, just one dyne. P-O-W-E-R-F-U-L-A-S-A-L-L-P-O-W-E-R-C-A-N-B-E. Wear a diaper or sit on the toilet for your first listening. Try it, for erg's sake.

(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby Street / New York, NY 10013)—Brian

### THE WILD FLOWERS—"Sometime Soon"

There is something odd about a British band attempting to imitate the more mainstream aspects of American college radio music (i.e. R.E.M., Violent Femmes, Green on Red). To the American ear it sounds awkward, just as European Film directors seem to miss something in their portraits of American cowboys. It's hard to stomach the commercial reproduction of a musical genre that has already lost it's appeal to the alternative music fans. Okay, maybe in the European context these boys will fair well, but to those in alterno-land, the sound is long dead.

(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)—Antonio

### THE WOODEN SOLDIERS—"Hippies, Punks and Rubber Men"

Godawful cover and title aside, this is pretty good in a jaunty poppy 60's/punk style. Cutting down on the funk chords would help, as would deleting the occasional Grateful Dead type song, an aberration I could do without. Is New Jersey really this swell?  
(Absolute A-Go-Go Records / 88 Prospect Ave. / Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675)—Mark

### THE WOODIES—"Five Years From

### Now"

Hey! Not bad. I'm surprised. I thought they would be terrible, but I will admit when I'm wrong (unlike others I know). The thing I like most about them is their sense of humor. It's really nice to hear music that takes itself lightly. I get tired of listening to serious bands. That shit wears me out. They have a Pretenders feel to them, a balladesque/rocking sound that makes up for the mediocre musicianship. Their songs all have senses of different roots to them, and that's refreshing. If you want to re-experience 1964 again, the way it shoulda been, pick this one up.

(Pop Records / P.O. Box 108 / Tampa, FL 33601)—Bag

### WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES—"Let's Play Domination"

Heavy industry screeches across a bassy nuclear meltdown as Keith Dobson snarls out raps designed to lacerate the corporate eardrum. Groundbreaking distorted hip-hop post-PiL greetings with a difference? If anything, "Asbestos, Lead Asbestos" should be enough metallic counterpoint and dilated-pupil bass walking to convert any skeptic. As for the ambbbbbbbiguous cover of L.L. Cool J's "I Can't Live Without My Radio," well I guess that's just a monkeywrench for high platform seekers, Converse hi-tops don't just come in black and white afterall.  
(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)—chris

### YOUTH OF TODAY—"We're Not In This Alone"

Some hardcore fans, especially those who've been listening for awhile, may find this band to be one big cliché. Right down to the X's on everyone's hands, the comparisons are numerous. But putting aside all the labels and history lessons, this is balls out hardcore. Tight, fast, throw-it-in-your-face aggressiveness that can't be easily ignored. The themes are familiar, but the band comes off as being honest and sincere. On this LP Youth of Today are offering a positive alternative to stupidity. Definitely for enthusiasts.

(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)—Morgan





# 7 INCHES OF...

## DANBERT NOBACON-"Bigger Than Jesus"

Here's to Danbert Nobacon, who's got some all-too-true things to say about being white and having a dick. I'm sure this package will appeal to the neo-hippie "peace punk" crowd (who pretend they aren't white and that they don't have dicks) but that's not to say it's devoid of interesting and useful information. Dan's whole outlook on life is so normal that he's just as pathetic as the rest of us, and I laughed and cried with him as I read the enclosed text and saw the photos of his uncircumcized pecker. I mean that. Cheers, Dan!

(Mind Matter Records / P.O. Box 421304 / San Francisco, CA 94142) ---Brian

## THE DEFOLIANTS-"Hang Ten"

A 4-song EP from Chicago's premier surf instrumental band. Could these 3 fellows draw their inspiration from the 12 foot swells of Lake Michigan? I think not. If hurled from the top of the Sears tower, could this record decapitate a worker constructing stadium lights at Wrigley Field? Unfortunately, I think not.

(A record company who owes us money.)---Brian

## FREE LOVE SOCIETY-"Egyptian Song"

Okay, I'll admit it. I picked this single out of the (by now legendary) Ink Disease record bin because the girl on the cover has tattoos (can you think of a better reason?). The music is quality Siouxsie-style gloom. It's good to groove to when you're feeling creepy.

(FLS / P.O. Box 18152 / East Hartford, CT 06118)---Flint

## THE FRIDGE MAGNETS-"You Can Either Ride Our Wave, Or Get Hit By It"

The Fridge Magnets play mostly instrumental surf. Their Hawaiian type songs are not bad, but downright lazy, and seemingly played in slow motion. There's also a Kinks like rock tune. Really no wave, so to speak, in these foamy white waters. And where do Canadians ride waves anyway? (The purple vinyl is a plus).

(Surfdustry Records c/o R.C. Johnston / 609 Queens Ave. / New Westminster / British Columbia / CANADA \* V3M-1L1)---Thomas

## GOD BULLIES-"All I Want Is My Mamma/Sex Power Money"

The effort to take noise to its ultimate state has continued. It has climbed another rung on the din-ladder and, believe you me, it is monumental. It's almost apocalyptic. I swear...in the midst of this glorious noise I see the clouds opening up and there's God's mug staring me in the face. And no, he doesn't have a beard.

(Mad Queen Records / P.O. Box 131 / Kalamazoo, MI 49001)---Brian

## GOD BULLIES-"Fear And Pain"

One side is a U-Men type LOUD rock song, with the vocals of a dying man. The other side is just plain LOUD and PAINFUL. These guys are in some kind of torment, and their torment is our gain. Once you believe that, you'll seek out this record. Fucking hell I feel sorry for these guys. Their world must truly be a living hell.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / Lyndale Ave. So., #4 / Minneapolis, MN 55408)---Brian

## HALF OFF-"Shoot Guns"

Obviously you're setting yourself up for a loss when you seek to improve an unimprovable song. Case in point: Half Off doing Bad Brains' "Sailin' On". It's like re-painting the Mona Lisa with your fingers and trying to sell it. It's like making a Super 8 home-movie version of Nabokov & Kubrick's "Lolita". It's like me substituting for James Worthy.

(Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)---Brian

## HALO OF FLIES-"No Time / You Get Nothing"

A fantastic Germs/Saints/? hybrid blissful don't-give-a-fuck surprise! This single embraces almost all the reasons I ever started loving music, "punk" or otherwise. To press up only 800 of it is a crime! "You Get Nothing" is the greatest song I've heard for...well, a long time to you. I love this record in a way I can't really explain and you can't borrow it, so send away for it.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2636 Lyndale Ave. So., #4 / Minneapolis, MN 55408)---Brian

## HAPPY FLOWERS-"They Cleaned My Cut Out With A Wirebrush"

Three songs: "Wire Brush," "Just Wait 'til I'm Bigger Than You," and "My Mother is a Fish" performed by Mr. Anus and Mr. Horribly Charred-infant. Need I say more? Or is the sound of a dead flower being rammed up Ian Reed's and John Cale's asses sufficient enough?"

(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Ant

## HONOR ROLE-"Craig Olive"

Here Honor Role continue with their post punk din. Rich textures, and gruff depressed vocals are the band's mainstay. Great to crush that party mood you're in.

(Dutch East India Trading)---Thomas

## THE HUMMING BIRDS-"Swim to Shore"

"Swim to Shore" sounds like R.E.M., a lot like R.E.M.. Even the lyrics are.. um.. thoughtful. That's o.k. with me; I like R.E.M.. I'm not into copyrights--hell, maybe there's lots of bands that "sound like R.E.M." and maybe I would like all of them, as well.

(Phantom Records / Box A566, Sydney South 2001 AUSTRALIA)---Chris

## KING SNAKE ROOST-"Top End

## Killer"

Driving music, death screeching vocals, and a tremendous wall of noise are packed by this Australian band. "Top End Killer" wraps these elements around a torrid bass line. "Storm Brewing" whooshes past in a dust cloud of sweeping progression. Noise rockers take note.

(For info send S.S.A.E. or IRC's to Bruce c/o Aberrant Records / Box A566 / Sydney South 2000 / AUSTRALIA)---Thomas

## LOCO GRINGOS-"Nurture My Pig b/w Fruit Fly"

Ah, yes, and then there are these guys. This is great stuff. But I do have a problem: there's no message. ALL BANDS TODAY MUST HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO DELIVER. I mean look at U2, all their songs talk about important things in life. They have status, they're a big name... (Hey, Fuck that shit!) Oh, well. Poichase it. You'll like it. (Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Bag

## THE MECHANICAL BRIDE-"Keep Walkin'\*Lullabye"

I can't help it, I'm going to like anybody who sounds this much like Deborah Harry. This is a good, spunky, hook filled single that has simple tunes and a good beat you can dance to (for you American Bandstand fans).

(\$2.00 for Black/ \$4.00 for White vinyl to: Staccato Dysdain / 1230 Grant Ave, #105 / S.F., CA 94133)---Flint

## NICE STRONG ARM-"Secret Language/Fiesta of Swirliness"

I'm mesmerized by the instrumental on the B-side...the meaty bass line and weighty percussion just get the blood pumping. It's fantastic driving music. Put it on and imagine you're in the desert running from the pigs because you just wasted a guy you hate. The vocals kind of ruined the A-side, but shoit it'd be a great instrumental, too. (Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Brian

## THE OFFSPRING-"The Offspring"

The Offspring play with an early So. Cal. sound. Their music and vocals are somewhat similar to a mix of young T.S.O.L., in basic song compositions, Agent Orange in added solos and even a bit of Shattered Faith & Rhino 39. I like this material, but I'm more interested in what they do next. (5544 Apia Dr. / Cypress, CA 90630)---Thomas

## SKIN YARD-"Stranger / This Lonely Place"

"Stranger" is powerful, loud music that defies categorization. The verses are subdued, the choruses come out and grab you, the crystal-clear distortion of the guitar roars like like the cyclops with a spear in his eyeball. Skin Yard is another Seattle band whom us pathetic Angelenos wish were ours. The two song titles are spot-on: If you don't feel isolated after hearing "This Lonely Place", I'll eat a bug.

(Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ



**SLAPSHOT—"Same Mistake / Might Makes Right"**

Oh, that lovely Boston hardcore sound... "Might Makes Right" is a chant type song that heads straight for the throat. Not as classic as early SSD and DYS, but the roots are clear without being forced. "Same Mistake" has some slow grind bass, sand paper vocals and howling guitars. The "Gilligan's Island" theme seems like it was thrown on as an after thought, making a distracting piece of filler. Well, it's not like the old days, but it is on green vinyl.

(Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)—Thomas

**SONIC YOUTH—"Silver Rocket / You Pose You Lose" b/w "Non-Metal Dude Wearing Metal Tee"**

Three rawly recorded songs, definitely in the Sonic Youth mold. Here they tend to be in a repetitive groove. Their noise is nitro fueled, laced with image producing waves, and a deep seeded feeling of angst. In one scene heavy machinery is meshing and tearing and ripping, steel against steel. In another there's a clang, clang, din, then up in a cloud of smoke goes a nuclear testing facility, along with Trenton, New Jersey. This is not a test...

(Forced Exposure / P.O. Box 1611 / Waltham, MA 02254)—Thomas

**STRANGE FRUIT—"Abiku"**

Mabel, get the garden hose! Those blasted cats are fightin' ag'in!

Actually, it's just this dame singing. Strange Fruit were a dynamic midwestern noise combo back in '83. I actually like 'em. They must have been quite happy making noisy "post punk" sounds. God knows why they split up after such a short existence.

(Mad Queen Records / P.O. Box 131 / Kalamazoo, MI 49001)—Brian

**THINK TANK—"What Now?"**

Crass were hardcore to the bitter end. When I first heard them at the impressionable age of 14 I was just that...impressed. Their angry bitching, moaning and fingerpointing touched a soft spot in me. I suppose it was only inevitable that their influence would affect so many others and spawn hundreds of lesser "political" bands, each one utterly convinced (at least for a while) that they could change the world.

Fresno's Think Tank is from a latter generation of these bands. But something's been lost over the generations, and that something is originality. Can't they find anything more to sing about than selling out, capitalism, poverty and the draft? Sample lyric: "I'm not government property. I'm a corporate prostitute." C'mon! This isn't



going to make people think, it isn't going to stimulate any thought processes. This is politics for 3rd graders. Fortunately I find some solace in knowing that the only people who will hear this are those who are already converted: clique-ish "peace punk" bastards whose lame ideologies, if given the chance, would undoubtedly throw us into a second dark age. As Mark E. Smith said: "...And the commune crapheads sit and whine..." So be it.

(Mind Matter Records / P.O. Box 421304 / San Francisco, CA 94142) —Brian

**TOYS WENT****BERSERK—"Inseparable/No Warning"**

Oops, wrong speed. On 33 rpm this band sounds like Joy Division. One tune has parts that are like FIREHOSE, with a strong rhythm section producing a jazzy funk punk beat. The other side is more punk with a lot of drum rolls and a lively unpredictable pace. Nothing is really harsh here, the smooth female vocals are one example. They are a distinctive band, well worth a listen for those in search of original new music.

(For info send and S.S.A.E. or IRC's to Bruce c/o Aberrant Records / Box A566 / Sydney

South 2000 / AUSTRALIA)—Thomas

**TRAINED ATTACK DOGS—"Pizza"**

The thing about this band is that their music is much better than their writing. A Kraut type combination of rock & punk is what the majority of the songs deliver. Although, "Wish I Owned a Gun" has a country punk sound very much like Rank 'n File. Not a bad release considering the lack of lyrical punch. (Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106-5075)—Thomas

**The TRILOBITES—"Jenny's Wake"**

These guys from Australia have brought back a sound from my childhood: The Humans. Now I don't know how many of you have really been able to appreciate what The Humans have done for music (great hits like "I Live in the City") but the impact on me has been significant. The Trilobites are their own band, don't get me wrong. For those of you who have not picked this 7" up, do so now, it's dood.

(Waterfront Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Australia)—Bag

**UNTAMED—"Untamed"**

Very melodic, but still very punk. American bands that come to mind are M.I.A. and Mad Parade. The upbeat anthem type compositions are barely hinted at by the group's name and cover art. Vocals come across booming and clear as a bell, serving to focus your attention on the lyrics, which show concern, yet a tone of rise above optimism at the same time. There's also enough distortion to give an edge and keep the music from becoming too nice sounding.

(Real World Records / Trimdon Village, Co. Durham / TS29 6QD / ENGLAND)—

—Thomas

**VANILLA CHAINSAWS—"Like You"**

Both songs are very catchy, and good pop songs can be listened to again and again and again. If, like me, you aren't able to listen to music at work, you'll want to hear these songs in the morning. If you're lucky they'll stick in your head long and loud enough to drown out the Tracy Chapman being played by the asshole in the next room. The Chainsaws almost sound like some early '80s Southern California band, but I'm not certain who. Phantom always has excellent graphics and the greatest press kits, hands down.

(Phantom Records / 375 Pitt St. / Box A566 / Sydney South 2000 / Australia)—Brian

**VENOM P. STINGER—"Walking About/26 Milligrams"**

This one will grow on you if you don't watch out. It has a good punk rock feel, if slightly slowed from the typical pace. The vocals have a classic punk whine.

(For info send and S.S.A.E. or IRC's to Bruce c/o Aberrant Records / Box A566 / Sydney South 2000 / AUSTRALIA)—Thomas



### GG ALLIN-"Hated In The Nation"

Plenty of songs about neat stuff like heroin, consumption of partially liquified excreta, oral and anal stimulation of the penis, fornication with pre-pubescent...it's all here and it's done in a way that isn't funny and is too contrived to even be offensive (no matter how spontaneous GG's disciples claim it to be.) If he kills himself soon I just won't care because neither Mykel Board nor anyone else is going to convince me that this deadbeat is my rock and roll savior and martyr. They say he's for real. Okay. So he's really degraded and depraved. Well I'm afraid that causes me to yawn almost wide enough to dislocate my jaw.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 725 / New York, NY 10012)—Brian

### BIG DRILL CAR-"Big Drill Car"

See the L.P. review.

### BOOM BOOM G.I.-"Slide A Little Closer"

See the L.P. review.

### BUZZCOCKS-"Lest We Forget"

We won't forget the gorgeous music the Buzzcocks have given us, and this live tape will make sure of that. Songs like "Ever Fallen in Love," and "Harmony in My Head" should be on anyone's all-time favorite list. Some of the recordings are great, but some are also on the raw side. Maybe not a great introduction to this famous English band, but certainly one every fan should have.

(ROIR / 611 BROADWAY, Suite 411 / N.Y.C., NY 10012)—Thomas

### CADILLAC OF WORMS-"Let's Eat"

At long last, my friend Kelly Simpson explains his portly stature; he's a fucking cannibal (ref: "Fat Man's Lover")! He also resolves some suspicions I've had about him, namely: He's a necrophiliac (ref: "Chick I Dig"); he is selectively cruel to animals (ref: "Fido"); other activities TOO SHOCKING to mention in a family magazine like Ink Disease!!! This guy needs some good, sound, professional help...On second thought, when I weigh these minor liabilities against the guys long list of assets, I guess he's really an okay guy: "Belushiesque disposition"; his band, Cadillac of Worms, is a perfect reflection of his twisted sense of humor; he's a farfisa god; COW does some good pop songs; "Progress", COW's plea for retrogression and devolution, is one of my favorite songs of the last few hours...days or weeks, even; he's got a BIG heart; other activities too nice to mention in a "modern" music magazine like Ink Disease. I guess I'll let him live.

(5431 - 111A Street / Edmonton, Alberta / T6H 2H3 / CANADA)—Brian

### DECLINE-"Slow"

This is essentially a hardcore tape. Lyrically, the songs are reminiscent of early 80's punk rebellion; often there is a theme of "we" vs. "them." Musically, I'm reminded of slamathons at the Olympic: fast, hard, and youthful. These guys are good dudes who want to play rock 'n' roll, but focus too much on overplayed punk styles.

(\$3.00 ppd. to Mike Wooldridge / P.O. Box 27532 / Concord, CA 94527)—Ant

### DIDGERIDOO-"Robots In Disguise"

Paying tribute to the Dickies, not a bad concept. And not a bad tape either.

(\$4 PPD. to 3 William St. / Tayport, Fife, DD6 9HJ, Scotland. UK)—Thomas

### THE DISPOSSESSED-"The Dispossessed"

This tape would be much better if the recording weren't so damn bassy. With a better recording, this Bauhaus influenced band from Hartford would stand a chance.

As it is, they do a passable job of sounding like Christian Death.

(\$3 ppd. to Dagger Tapes / P.O. Box 18152 / E. Hartford, CT 06118)—Flint

### FALSE HOPE-"Cease To Exist"

Way too "speedmetalish" for my taste. Surprisingly, most of the songs never reach the "speed" of hardcore/thrash. It's mostly those grinding slower speeds mixed with punk vocals. (This is for fans of Excel and that lot.) I think a cleaner production would help, with more depth given to each instrument. Lyrically, it's definitely got "dark" tones to it, but I find the songs to be a little vague and don't really know what this band's about. I find some consolation with a little message on the inside of the cover: "Stay happy and free—rely on yourself."

(False Hope / 3272 Euclid Hts. Blvd. / Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118)—Morgan

### FREE LOVE SOCIETY-Cassette EP

This gal Missy has more tattoos than the average regiment of well-seasoned jarheads, and when I noticed that I thought, "Another Wendy O.?" Nope. Their dark, softly-textured rock and roll is actually uplifting. It's sort of like some of that British stuff, only the FLS (The concept of "free love" sort of reminds you of ancient Rome, huh? Ever see "Caligula"?) does it as good as just about any of those types except maybe Siouxsie. Hail mighty Caesar!

(\$3 ppd. to Dagger Tapes / P.O. Box 18152 / E. Hartford, CT 06118)—Brian

### MEKONS-"New York"

Knowing little about Mekons, I ventured out on rainy London night to see them open for Pere Ubu. Like many UK bands, their British popularity is paralleled in America

only by cult status. Mekons' cultists will certainly be interested in this. Unfortunately, I find this live cassette to be much like their live performance: I was interested, even inspired for 3 songs, bored with next 3 songs, and by the 10th song I was searching my vicinity for small rotten vegetables to hurl. Still, anyone interested in Mekons' honkytonk polecat countrypunk is hereby pointed toward studio LPs.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 725 / New York City, NY 10012)—Brian

### MISSION OF BURMA-"10 Song Cassette"



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Side 1 is the 12" EP reviewed last issue. Side 2 is 5 additional studio tracks, 4 of which appeared on the live LP a few years ago. Still, the standout tracks are "Peking Spring" and "Dirt". These guys always sounded especially good in the studio. I love the loud high-hat, the beautifully unique guitar sound and the pulsating bass. And, of course, few bands ever achieved Burma's impeccable quality of songwriting. (Taang! Records)—Brian

### THE MOB-"We Came to Crush"

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regular tempo hardcore, ultra-fast hardcore, and a cool rockin' type speed. There is a slight metallic edge to some parts of the songs but it's not overbearing and wouldn't qualify them as being a "crossover." I even heard an acoustic guitar on one of the thrash songs which was a nice change from the "rules" which many HC bands have limited themselves to. The production is good and kind of reminds me of the old Bad Brains tape. One bunk thing about this package is that no lyrics were included so I don't know where these guys are coming from on that level, but the music is powerful and driving. I feel like I've been crushed.  
(Big City Records)—Morgan

#### NO FRAUD—"Demo Tape #1"

Yet another punk band from Venice. But wait... These guys are from Venice, Florida! No Fraud play balls out hardcore at a speed that's one step ahead of your generic thrash. Musically, Boston HC comes to mind. Some songs remind me of the Freeze, Gang Green, or Jerry's Kids. Lyrically I'd say they're pretty sad; most songs staying in the typical punk realm with titles like "Punks vs. Fags." Though there are standouts like "Social Disease" and "Another Part In The Machinery," which are particularly well written songs. Overall the vocals sound great and the music is as tight as hell. About twenty songs on this studio quality demo make this well worth the three bucks.  
(\$3.00 ppd. 475 Fox Glove Rd. / Venice, FL 34293)—Morgan

#### THE PAIN AMPLIFIERS—"Marilyn in Death"

Here we have the typical problem with cassettes: any no-talent can make 'em, and any no-talent usually sends 'em to I.D. This wouldn't bother me, except that I have to listen to the badly recorded crap and then write something about it. If you want to experience this kind of discomfort, listen to this cassette, then write a review of it. Describe the random beats and noises and try to convince yourself that what you're listening to is a song. Then, tape over the cassette.  
(\$3.00 ppd. to Jim / 209 E. 19th St., Apt. #3 / Minneapolis, MN 55403)—Flint

#### PETER GORDON'S—"Otello"

It is unlikely that the composer of this tape will ever see this review, for he might be spending too much time at art openings in Europe. While the subject of this tape is usually confined to the world of high art, it has been lowered to the realms of alternoland. A conceptual piece, Gordon makes a contemporary rendition of an old Italian opera, "Otello." Altered with Polyrhythms, delay, and tape loops, Gordon actually does a good job at his rendition. Be sure to bring the wine & cheese, though, when you hit the play button.  
(Roir / 611 Broadway, Suite 725 / New York, N.Y. 10012)—Ant

#### POISON IDEA—"War All The Time"

I doubt these guys will ever mellow. If their musical direction has changed lately, it's only result is an even more profound genericness. I base this opinion on several

factors: 1) Lyrical content; 2) A more prevalent metallic bent; 3) Thrash beat. Weigh these cons against the facts that these guys are ugly, they smell funny, and they stick the music in your face, and what have you got? A bunch of ugly foetid guys playing hardcore thrash, much to the delight of many a punk rock neophyte. What an eyesore.  
(Ever Rat Records / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)—Brian

#### PSYCHO VIOLENTS—"Walk On Water"

A 28 song 60 minute cassette, that's what I call music. Usually, the songs are melodic p. rock, but sometimes they shift to white-funk beats of eclectic noises. There are so many songs that are so short on this cassette with so many different sounds that it can't fail to hold your interest. It also comes with a lyric sheet (a nice commodity in a cassette), and a psychocomic book. This tape has found it's way into my car stereo's play list. (P.O. Box 14775 - University Station / Gainesville, FL 32604)—Flint

#### ROOM 291—"Our Lady of the Snakes"

Like their last tape, Room 291 have released a snail of an opus. Minimalistic in it's approach, this tape is a far cry from any ambient new age muzak. While it isn't "pleasant," it isn't abrasive either. Using extremely sparse sounds, the compositions are like the dreams ringing through your head as you wake up to face the bland world. This tape is well worth buying for its ingenuity and originality. Parts are somewhat similar to Pink Floyd's space-out jams on their earlier experimental pieces.  
(Redux Records / 1085 14th St. #1030 / Boulder, CO 80302)—Ant

#### SORDID DOCTRINE—"And Then The Rain Came"

Why is this band playing non-descript hardcore? Could it be the peer pressure from their hairless friends in D.C.? Could it be just an excuse to include a lyric sheet in hand scrawled gothic script? Could it be to see their name in Ink Disease? I don't know.  
(120 South Colonial Ave. / Richmond, VA 23221)—Flint

#### STATE OF CONFUSION—"A Street"

See L.P. review.

#### STEVIE STILETTO AND THE SWITCHBLADES—"I Wanna Sink the Love Boat"

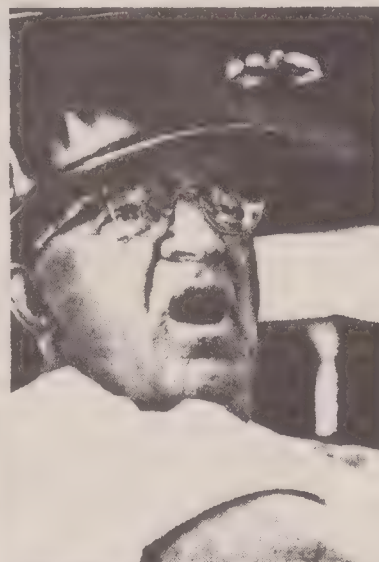
More jokesterism from Mr. Stiletto. As Brian would say, hardy har har har.  
(Razor Records / 4554 Tunis St. / Jacksonville, FL 32205)—Flint

#### JOHNNY THUNDERS—"Stations of the Cross"

For the longest time I've heard so many great things about Senor Thunders. What's the big deal? This tape sucks- it's sexist, full of boring guitar solos, and lacks any new ingenuity. The best part of the tape is at the end there are a couple of prostitutes talking

about life, and then one of them sings a song. It's funny that the best part is when the tape ends.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 725 / New York, NY 10012)—Ant



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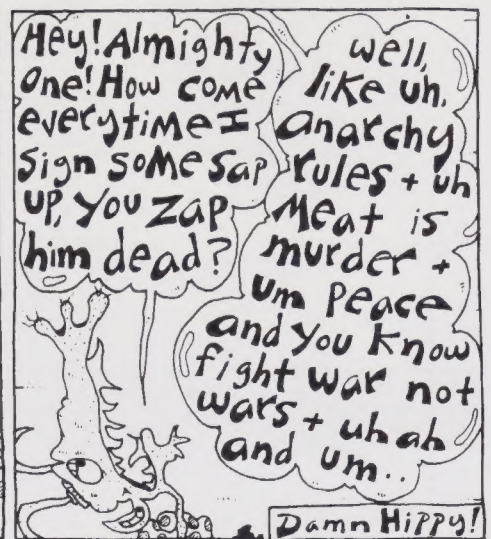
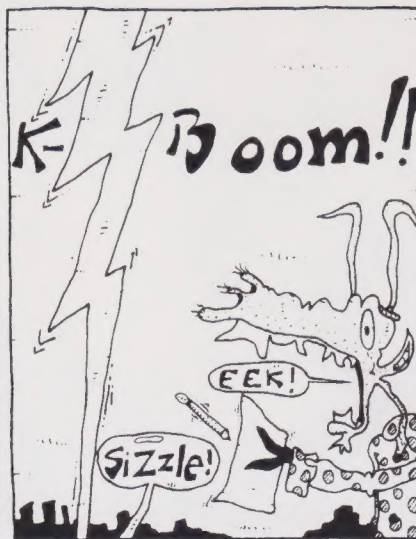
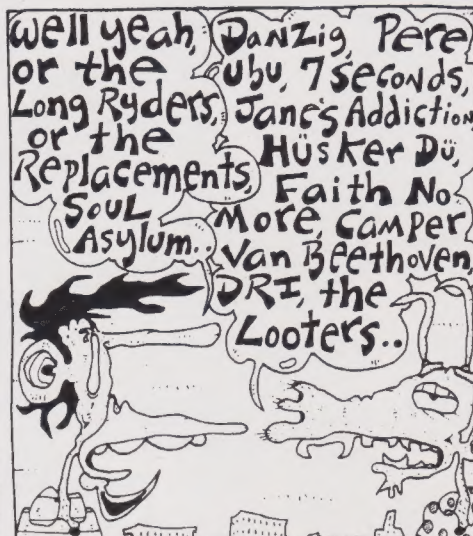
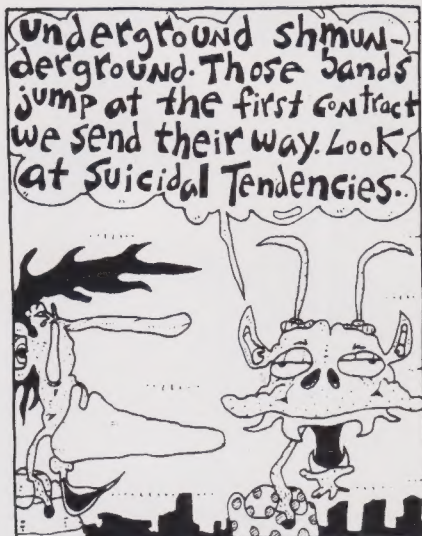
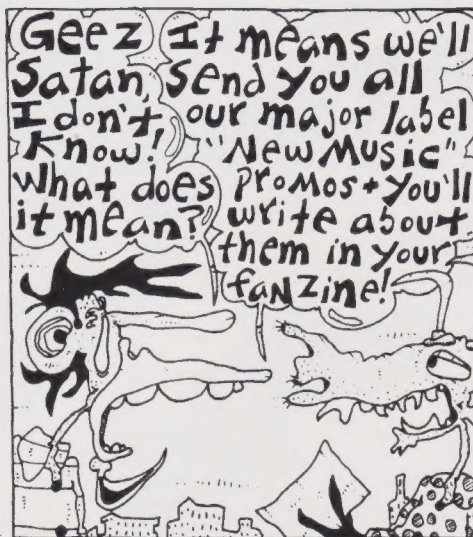
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# The Last Temptation of Baboon!





THE BEATNIGS

THE DICKIES

NAKED RAYGUN

THE DICKIES

NO MEANS NO



SAVAGE REPUBLIC





he  
still writing for Cream?  
o. They owe  
ntial amount

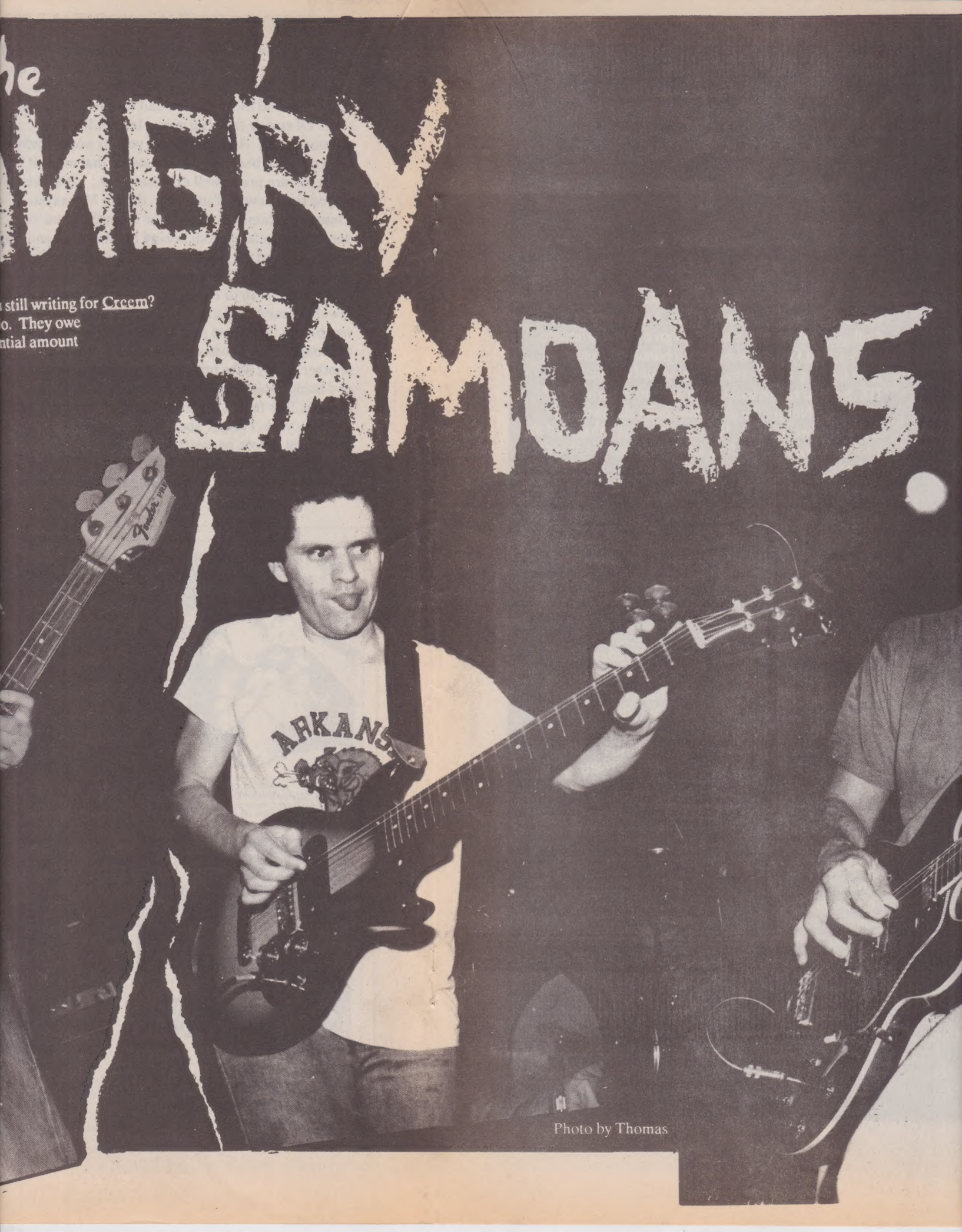


Photo by Thomas